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No. 268. Vol. XLV. JANUARY, 1914. Price Sixpence.

6d. net monthly. Special Numbers 1/- net and 2/6 net.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS: British Isles, Canada and Newfoundland, 12/- per annum, post free. Other places abroad, 14/- per annum post free.

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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

Nothing could be more gratifying than the reception that was accorded to the latest Christmas Number of The Bookman; no Christmas Number can have been more immediately and entirely successful. As we mentioned last month, though we published a far larger edition than in any previous year, the Number was completely sold out to the trade long before the date of publication, and, for reasons which were also given last month, it was impossible to reprint it. We have been greatly pleased by the receipt of numerous letters of warm and enthusiastic praise for the beauty and interest of the Number; it has not pleased us so much to receive almost as many letters from correspondents who have failed to obtain a copy, for we could not oblige them with one, even though in some cases they offered more than double the price of it, for after publishing day we had not a spare copy left in stock. Several of these correspondents say they buy The Bookman regularly, and, of course, without the Christmas Number, their year's set must remain incomplete. This is particularly annoying, and we much regret it; but there is one sure way of providing against such an annoyance in future, and we would strongly urge these readers, instead of buying their copies during the year at various shops, either to place a regular order with any one bookseller or to send a year's subscription direct to the publishing office. Already we are receiving a good many orders for the next Christmas Number (after all, if one means to order it, nothing is lost by placing the order early), and one way and another we are hoping this year to meet the whole demand and disappoint nobody.

We congratulate Mr. Alfred Noyes on the phenomenal success of his lecture tour in the United States. The Lowell Lectures on "The Sea in English Poetry," which he has been delivering at Boston, taxed the seating accommodation of the Lowell Institute to the utmost, and were received with such enthusiasm that the whole series of eight is to be repeated. Messrs. Blackwood are publishing the lectures in book form early this year.

Messrs. Hutchinson will publish this spring Mr. G. B. Burgin's fiftieth novel, "Within the Gates," the scene of which is laid in the Trappist Monastery of "The Shutters of Silence," which is now in its thirty-third edition. Mr. Burgin's first novel appeared in 1893. This gives him an average of two and a half novels a year for twenty years, to say nothing of an immense amount of critical, sub-editorial and journalistic work, and the writing of six hundred short stories. As if this were not enough to keep a mortal man sufficiently occupied, it will be remembered that for three years Mr. Burgin was secretary of the Authors' Club, and that for more than twenty years he was the mainspring of The New Vagabonds, now amalgamated with the O.P. Club; he is also serving on the committee of the Whitefriars Club, and doing a few other little things in his spare time. His amazing capacity for work gave rise to a rumour, a few years back, that he used to talk his novels into a series of gramophones and leave his secretary to extract them, whilst he was getting through his other engagements, but this he indignantly denied, and the plain fact is that he is one of the most conscientious, as well as one of the most industrious, of literary workers. He has written fiction for a living, but the writing of it has been also one of his chief pleasures, and he is not to be taken too seriously when he says that it is easier work to lay bricks than to build novels. For some time, in his salad days, he fancied himself a poet, and was nearly ruined as the result of winning five pounds for a long narrative poem, but he retired from the struggle because he found it impossible to live on five pounds for more than a limited period. He says he is fifty-seven years old, but nobody believes him; which is one of the results of devoting your life to fiction; and, anyhow, it is much truer to adopt Oliver Wendell Holmes' way of putting it, and call him fifty-seven years young. That seems possible; but the other will never be credited by anyone who knows him.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Dr. George Brandes,** the famous Danish critic and man of letters, who has been recently visiting England.

Mr. Arnold Haultain, Goldwin Smith's literary executor, is preparing a second series of his late chief's letters, and asks us to say that he will be grateful to any friends of Goldwin Smith who would lend him, or send him, copies of any letters which the recipients think may be made public, other than those included in the first series (published last spring by Mr. Werner Laurie). Anything addressed care of the Bank of Montreal, 47, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C., will be thankfully acknowledged.

"A Captain of the Gordons," by Captain Miller, a record of service experiences in South Africa and Somaliland, is published this week by Messrs. Sampson, Low & Marston. Captain Miller acted as A.D.C. during the Boer War, and was special service officer in the Somaliland campaign.

Mr. Edwin Pugh, one of the most brilliant of the latter-day group of London writers, has written a book about "The Cockney at Home," which Messrs. Chapman & Hall are to publish towards the end of January.

Mr. R. Caton Woodville, the famous war artist, has gathered the most interesting records of a long and interesting career into a gossipy, anecdotal volume of "Random Recollections," which will be issued almost immediately by Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

Messrs. Maunsel are publishing "Madge Linsey, and other Poems," a new book of ballads and lyrics by Mrs. Dora Sigerson Shorter. Mrs. Shorter is one of the most gifted of the little group of Irish poets who have done so much of the best work in modern English poetry, and a new book from her is always sure of its welcome.

"Initiation," a new novel by Monsignor R. H. Benson, is to be published this month by Messrs. Hutchinson.

Miss Tennyson Jesse's new novel, "The Milky Way," has been hailed on all hands as one of the happiest and most successful books of this season. It had to be reprinted a week or so after publication, and is already reprinting again.

Excellent work is being done at Winchelsea by the Village Children's Historical Play Society, under the presidency of Lady Maud Warrender. The children of the village are trained to present historical plays that are specially written for them:—a way of education that is the more effective because it combines pleasure with instruction. "Sir Thomas More," a three-act play, written for this purpose by the Hon. Mrs. Percy Matheson, has been very successfully produced, and is published by the Society. Founded on William Roper's "Life of More," and on original letters of More and his daughter and other contemporary references, it makes a picturesque and moving drama, well constructed and, in the clearness and simplicity of its language, admirably adapted to the capacity of its youthful players. One would like to see so interesting an experiment extended to other villages. Apart from its real educational uses, it would do much to mitigate the monotony and stagnation of latter-day village life.

Miss Tennyson Jesse,
whose novel, "The Milky Way" (Heinemann) is reviewed in this Number.

Winchelsea village children in the play "Sir Thomas More."
Act 3, Scene 4. Sir Thomas More and Margaret Roper.
Margaret: "I am sore afraid that this will bring you in marvellous trouble."

Mr. Ernest Rhys has written a small volume on "Robert Browning and his Poetry," which Messrs. Harrap are publishing immediately.

The late Mr. Adrian H. Joline was a very prince of autograph collectors. Among his collection were original letters or manuscripts by Edgar Allan Poe, Gray, Lamb, Southey, Byron, Prior, Tennyson, Shelley, Steele, Johnson, Burke, John Evelyn,

Mr. H. V. Esmond,
who has written a new comedy, which he will produce in London on his return from New York this Spring.

Ruskin, Carlyle; Thackeray, Dickens, De Quincey, Longfellow, Lowell, Mark Twain, and many another famous English and American author, several of which letters have hitherto remained unpublished. After Mr. Joline's death it was found that he had left among his papers the manuscript of a volume to which he had given the title of "Rambles in Autograph Land," and this book is now published by Messrs. Putnam, with a preface by Mr. Van Tassel Sutphen. It is illustrated with a number of portraits and with reproductions in facsimile of many of Mr. Joline's autograph treasures.

Messrs. Constable are publishing a new volume of poems, "The Ballad of Men, and Other Verses," by Mr. William Blane. It is some few years since Mr. Blane's last book, "The Silent Land," was published, and met with an unusually favourable reception here, and in South Africa. Mr. Blane was for many years engaged as an engineer in South Africa, and wrote largely for the leading newspapers and magazines of the Colony; he published one or two books of verse out there, where he has a large and appreciative public. He has an honoured place in South African literature, and still keeps up something of his connection with the journalism of that country, though, nowadays, he has made his home in England, and is working on the staff of one of our principal engineering journals.

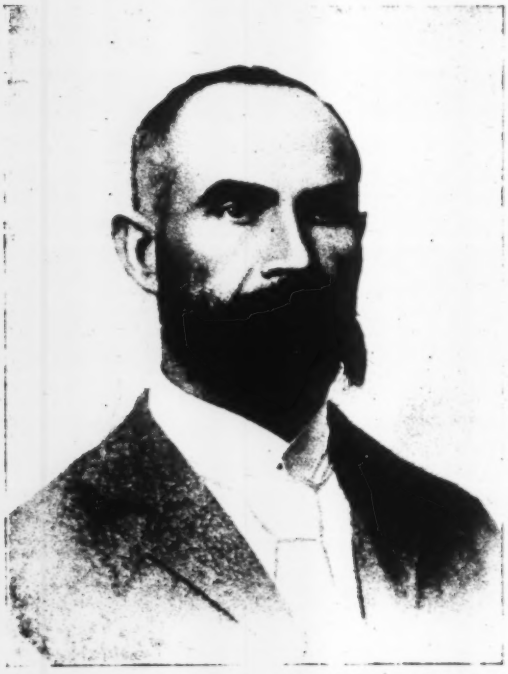

Photo by Davies Bros., Johannesburg. **Mr. William Blane,**
the South African poet, whose new volume "The Ballad of Men," Messrs. Constable are publishing.

Mr. Lynn Lyster,
the South African poet, whose new volume, "Ballads of the Veld-land," has just been published by Messrs. Longman.

Mrs. Holman Hunt's long-expected book on "Pre-Raphaeliteism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," will be published this month by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

Three of those 1914 editions of the Year Books that have become indispensable to all literary workers, reach us as we are going to press. "Who's Who" (A. & C. Black), with its multitude of condensed biographies, has increased in portliness, and fully maintains its unique place among the most useful of our periodical works of reference. "The Literary Year Book" (Heath, Cranston & Ouseley) brings its admirable directory of authors and publishers, and its handy lists of the world's newspapers and magazines up to date, and continues to furnish author, journalist, and editor with business information that is not readily accessible elsewhere. The pages have been slightly enlarged, and by continuing the numbering of them right through, instead of numbering each section separately, the editors have greatly simplified and clarified the arrangement. "Hazell's Annual" (Hazell, Watson & Viney) is a condensed encyclopædia on current affairs. There are about ten thousand references in its index, and it includes a potted Peerage, a summary of last year's work in art, literature, music, the drama, sport, science, and commerce; and a series of admirable, well-informed articles on all the leading topics of the day. Somebody has described it as the blue-books of the year boiled down into one red book, and it is a description that justly describes it.

Mr. Ward Muir, one of the cleverest and most successful of our younger humorists, has written a new story, "Cupid's Caterers," which Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. are publishing next week.

"The Splendid Wayfaring," a challenging series of essays on art and life by Mr. Haldane Macfall, has just been issued in a handsomely-produced volume by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

The Clarendon Press has published as a shilling pamphlet, the thoughtful lecture on "Robert Bridges: Poet Laureate," that Professor T. Herbert Warren delivered at Oxford in November last.

The February BOOKMAN will be an Anatole France Number, and will contain a special article on Anatole France by Thomas Seccombe; "Tagore," by Richard Curle; "Arthur Symon's Poems," by Edward Thomas; "Arthur Hugh Clough," by Dixon Scott; "Hans Holbein," by Haldane Macfall; "The Influence of the Press," by W. H. Helm; "A New Translation of the New Testament," by Professor J. H. Moulton, D.C.L.; "Thackeray's London," etc.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

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W. B. MAXWELL.

IT is good to be "banned," it is better to be read; but to be read and "banned" at the same time seems at the present moment to be the one royal road to success as an author. Mr. Maxwell does not take a happy view of the novelist's profession. It is a case of piping to empty pockets in the era of the censor and the cinema. In the old days, the novelist could amble cheerfully along after his first success or two, knowing that the public who had fallen under his spell would loyally support him even in his self-confessed failures. Nowadays it is different. The public is getting spoiled. There are too many distractions in the shape of cinematographic shows where the spectacular masterpieces of Victor Hugo and even Dante's "Inferno" assume a cheerful and palatable form, to say nothing of the more debasing kinds ot literatures, all filmed and staged for all tastes and all pockets. The novelist cannot plod along as he did twenty years ago. He must ride a chariot of fire and make as much sensation as a popular gladiator when he entered the Roman arena. He must make a "hit" every time if he wants to keep his public. So the "banning" process is not so bad. It is a gratuitous advertisement, and men like Mr. W. B. Maxwell, who are too modest to blow their own trumpets, have only to say something that was never said before, to develop a point of view that is calculated to make the rigidly righteous sit up and stare, to shock Mrs. Grundy and tickle her at the same time, to be bold but not offensive, to stick to ideals right or wrong, and the inevitable is bound to happen. The public suddenly wakens up to find that it has been shocked, or thinks that it has, which is perhaps the same thing; the "banning" process intervenes; new editions of the banned books are called for in a mysterious manner by a mysterious public that rises like an army in the night laden with the forbidden fruits of authorship, and publishers begin to think in royalties and how long the boom will last, and the poor distracted author does not know whether to look glum or rejoice. He is a literary exile, but he soon learns to laugh in his exile. He begins to appreciate the paradoxical comedy of being shunned and courted. It happened to Mr. Compton Mackenzie, who also has artistic ideals; and it has happened to Mr. W. B. Maxwell.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. W. B. Maxwell.**
Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

Mr. Maxwell is a delightful person to interview. He does not overwhelm you with facts. He does not dwell on his successes either as a sportsman or as an author. He is a man of the world in a comfortable setting. He has the reticence that one expects and appreciates in a person whose business it is to write about other people, and to view the world from a pinnacle; but it is a little difficult for the interviewer! Mr. Maxwell proceeds on the flattering assumption that you are a person of imagination like himself, and he leaves you to draw your own conclusions. Imagine then, a rather spare, slightly, very slightly grizzled man in the prime of life, with an intellectual brow and head, a keen scrutinising eye, dressed negligently but well, slow and demure in his manner and charmingly unaffected in his speech and gesture, and you have a thumbnail portrait of the author of "The Ragged Messenger" and "The Devil's Garden."

Mr. Maxwell takes you into the labyrinths of his mind at an easy pace. He does not gallop off with you and leave you breathless at a dark turn of the road. He does not lurk round the corner and evade plain statements, and while he is so impersonal and reluctant to speak of himself or his successes you feel at the end of half an hour that you really know all that there is to know about him. It is just his way.

Mr. Maxwell says he took to authorship after failing in all "serious" purpose in life. This seems almost incredible in one who has arrived so easily and so naturally, but then as the son of that veteran of fiction Miss M. E. Braddon, it was probably in his blood. As a boy he had dreams of art and studied for some years in the London art schools; then the country attracted him and he went in for fox hunting and other outdoor amusements. He rounded off his apprenticeship with foreign travel; and all the time while seemingly doing nothing in particular but living a life of ease and pleasure, he was imbibing impressions, collecting data, colour, romance, and getting experience for what has become the business of his life. He was finishing his literary education, so to speak, in the university of the world. Mr. Maxwell may be said to have started his literary career as a disciple of Maupassant. In "Fabulous Fancies," a collection of *contes*, Mr. Maxwell revealed himself in the rôle in which we now know him, that is to say, as a

realist, and it is as a realist who has his finger on the pulse of life and his eye on the tragi-comedies of things that he remains in all his later books. We have heard a great deal of late about human documents, some critics advising us even to get rid of them, but for a novelist to rid himself of human documents is to shut his eyes to life, to close the door on realities, to be a blind slave of romance. We do not wish to underestimate the important part romance plays in art; but romance without realism is a child's dream of existence. It is apt to be a mere plaything in the hands of the romanticist. Although Mr. Maxwell is primarily a realist he has his romantic moments. He is a realist in the sense that Maupassant, Flaubert and Balzac were realists with just that rosy tinge of romance in his outlook that is like a streak of sunshine threading a grey cloud. If we remember rightly it was with "The Ragged Messenger" that Mr. Maxwell made his first distinct hit, although the critics have been kind to him from the very first, probably recognising a conscientious literary craftsman with a distinct individuality. We like "The Ragged Messenger." In spite of the bitterness of its tragedy we are attracted by its broad humanity and its beautiful morality. To enumerate Mr. Maxwell's novels is to open wide the doors of a portrait gallery full of loved and familiar faces. Vivien, Effie, Mrs. Wardrop, Colonel Shelton—how they cling to one's affections and live in the memory! "Vivien" is a novel on a Flaubertian scale and contains many carefully-drawn portraits. The more we read Mr. Maxwell's stories the more we marvel not only at his gifts of psychological delineation, at his conscientiousness, at his ability to arouse slowly and by degrees our attention and claim it, at the keenness of his insight where human motives are concerned, but at his intimate and detailed knowledge of the hidden byways of life that are ignored by the ordinary novelist. He not only knows the workings of that mysterious organ, the feminine heart, but his knowledge of such things as millinery emporiums, suburban post-offices, the ins and outs of the building trade, politics, society and business is simply weird. When he wrote "Hill Rise" people came to the conclusion that the author must have been a builder; and "The Rest Cure" is so keen and analytical a study of neurasthenia that it was unanimously declared that its creator must be a member of the medical profession. So it is with all his works. It is the result of a conscientious literary method. The value of human documents was never more skilfully manifested than in the *genre* novels of Mr. W. B. Maxwell, who is a student of human nature first and a novelist afterwards. He is a careful delineator of character rather than a weaver of tales. All his books are studies of one kind or another. Let us try to analyse this master of analysis. It is a rash thing to do, but then he has set us the example. We have fallen under the spell of his psychology. Let us take some characteristic passage from one of his books and examine it in the light in which we know him. In "The Guarded Flame," which was published in 1906, Mr. Maxwell may be said to have found himself as a literary artist. It is his own favourite among his books, so we could not do better than take our extract from it: "On their left lay the long valley that divided the down country—peaceful, sluggish flats through which the sluggish river crept, while it twisted to the sea. By the river, twisting and writhing as though in imitation, ran the railway line, showing little toy bridges, gates and level crossings and a little toy train that mixed its white smoke with the white mists of the marshy fields. Far ahead one saw the wide cleft in the cliffs, the small nestling town, roofs and church towers melting into the greyness, harbour and boats and pier nearly lost already in the grey dusk—so peaceful, so peaceful that, as one gazed at it, its peace seemed to fill one's heart. A beautiful evening in truth, such a glorious sky with one star shining clear, and one little twinkling star that has fallen into the sea and is now the pierhead light. Silence and unruffled calm in the sky and on the land and sea, nothing of movement, but the great sails above their heads, driven by the wonderful forces of the wind."

We have said that Mr. Maxwell looks at the world from a pinnacle, but it is not so high after all, and while it narrows the view it does not limit it. It brings it into better focus. This cameo of observation is not only a bird's eye view of concentrated observation, but it is the result of a trained and experienced eye. Nothing in this little descriptive pastoral is left to be imagined. Every little detail is noted, put down, annotated and coloured, and how fine it is! How it leaps to the imagination! We see it all as clearly as if we ourselves were standing on the upland country looking down on the pastoral valley; and then how kindly it all is and how deeply felt; and what a romantic touch is brought to bear on these commonplace realities! This is Mr. Maxwell in one of his romantic moods when he has laid aside the keen psychological lance and is not analysing the motives of human character. It is just a little pastoral tenderly conceived, the corner of a big canvas, the result perhaps of a ride over the downs on a September evening, the impression of which has clung to his memory to be set down afterwards with care, precision and beauty in the quiet of his study under the lamp. And there in that quaint old house that was once the earthly habitation of the good Bishops of Lichfield (do they turn in their graves, we wonder, if they know that "The Devil's Garden" was written in their sanctuary?) with its pergola leading to the street that is shut out by a wall, and its beautiful broad lawn that slopes down to the picturesque orangery, the realist and the romancer sits weaving his dramas round puppets that are to people the world of the imagination and cause a stir among mankind. We leave him there and wish him no worse luck than being banned by the libraries and read by the public.

ROBERT BIRKMYRE.

THE READER.

MAARTEN MAARTENS.*

By A. St. John Adcock.

MAARTEN MAARTENS occupies a unique place among English novelists. Like Joseph Conrad, though he is a foreigner, he neither appeals to us in an alien tongue, nor comes home to us over broken bridges of translation; he writes a clear, vigorous, picturesque English, that in purity and forcefulness few of our living authors can surpass. Mr. Conrad is, perhaps, more easily idiomatic, a subtler stylist who has mastered the inner mysteries and the magic of the language he has made his own; but then Mr. Conrad is one of ourselves; he lives and works among us, and has lived and worked among us so long that we are beginning to forget he is by birth a Pole, and to have a jealous feeling that it is absurd to think of him as anything but an Englishman. Whilst Maarten Maartens, though he writes in English, and his work belongs legitimately to English literature, remains a Dutchman; his home is still at Doorn, in Holland, and he visits England only occasionally; moreover, the stories he writes in our tongue are, with the single outstanding exception of "Her Memory," studies of Dutch life and character. His first novel, "The Sin of Joost Avelingh," was published in 1890, and so many reviewers spoke of it as a translation from the Dutch that in self-defence he had to put a prefatory note into his second, "An Old Maid's Love," to explain that "it was originally written in English, and that the present story, now for the first time published, has also been written in English only, a language which, though not my native tongue, has become to me quite as dear and, I would fain hope, almost as familiar."

Photo by Van der Weyde.

Maarten Maartens.

I.

His virile, colloquial English is the more remarkable when you consider that he has been very little in our country since he spent some years here as a boy, before he was twelve, and that his intellectual education was distinctly German. Maarten Maartens was born at Amsterdam in 1858; he spent a few terms at preparatory schools in England, and in his native city; but from the age of fourteen he lived at Bonn as a scholar at the Prussian Gynmasium, and it is these school years, after all, that are the formative period of a man's life; his character is shaped, his mind is formed and takes its bent more from the influences of his schooldays than from any subsequent University training. The system of education at Bonn he describes as absurd: "It was as absurd there at that date as it is to-day everywhere. Most of what I learned, and I was burdened with immense quantities of the usual educational lumber, I have never needed, or been able to use. Fortunately, I forgot largely. But I may consider it as a *tour de force* that, although when I began I knew nothing of that terribly complicated language, German, I graduated in 1877 with highest honours." He modestly suggests that some little national courtesy may account for this, for "we foreigners were treated with great kindness. In those days," he says, "I was violently anti-German, from fear of annexation, after the Franco-Prussian War," but this prejudice did not prevent him from coming to a sympathetic understanding of the race he was predisposed to dislike, for as Maarten Maartens' English critics were quick to recognise the true insight and power of observation with which he has presented his English characters in "Her Memory," so certain of his German critics, writing the other day of "Dorothea," one of the ablest of his novels, testify that his German men and women are essential Germans, "the real thing, drawn from inside knowledge."

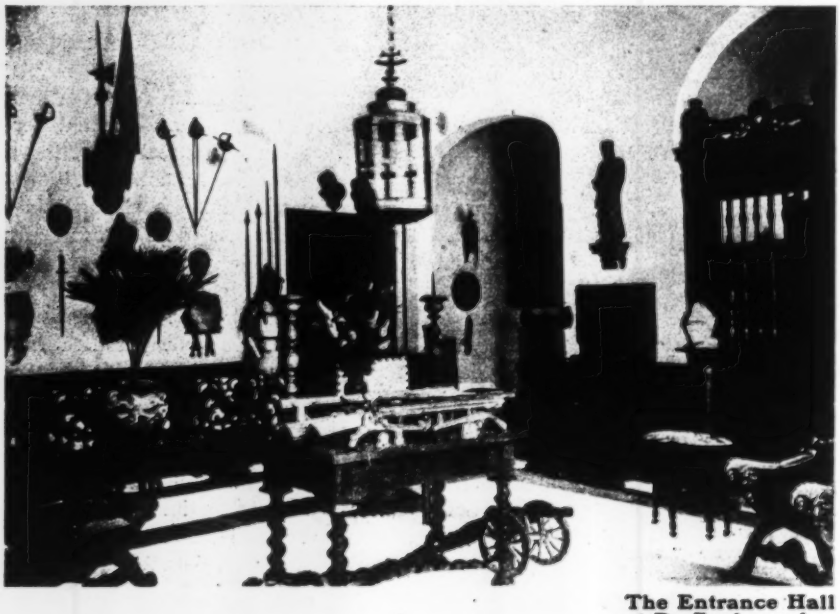
Of more value to him than the school curriculum was the fact that Bonn was, in those days, a thoroughly international centre. The society of the place was strongly leavened with Dutch, North and South American and English elements, and mingling freely in this varied company he naturally acquired catholic sympathies that were afterwards broadened and deepened, as you may gather from his sketches in "Some Women I Have Known," by much travel about the world, and by many winters spent at popular cosmopolitan resorts on the Riviera.

Meanwhile, he was from time to time seeing a good deal of Dutch life, and saw it the more keenly because he looked upon it with a certain detachment, and as something of an outsider. His holidays from school were passed in Holland, at his guardian's place in the

* The Works of Maarten Maartens. New and uniform edition. 3s. 6d. each vol. (Constable).

country. This guardian was a well-known political personage belonging to the clerical-conservative party, to which party all Maarten Maartens' connections have always belonged, and it was a disappointment to his family that he himself took to literature instead of to politics. At nineteen he went as a law student to the Dutch University at Utrecht. Here he learned nothing but law, and always considers that more important in his mental development than his four years at Utrecht were the long winter he spent in Italy, about that time, with a cousin, and an excellent tutor; and a second winter that, on account of his health, which has never been good, he spent in Algiers. Immediately after obtaining his degree of LL.D. at Utrecht, he was called to take the University lectures of the Professor of Civil and Commercial Law, who had fallen ill, and if his shrewd knowledge of the complexities and stupidities of the Dutch legal system stood him in good stead when he was thus enlightening the students, it served him to far better purpose when he set himself to satirise without mercy in his books "the whole world-old practice of chicanerie and solemn unreason which goes by the name of civil or criminal justice, in my country as well as, with differences, in yours." Some of his notaries are as rascally as any of Dickens's pettifogging solicitors. "Once a man dies—in our class of life—his money goes to the lawyers," says Barend Everts, in "My Poor Relations." "My mother—she came from beyond the Rhine, you know—she had an aunt that died and left a hundred thousand guilders—a hundred thousand guilders. There was thirteen heirs turned up, and seven lawyers, and in all the five years till mother died she got two thousand paid her—and, oh, the heartsore and worry of getting that!" But you trace the effect of his studies at Utrecht, not only in his scathing contempt of the law's illogical shifts and mean injustices, but in his profound preoccupation with the larger issues of right and wrong, with the moral and spiritual sins of which the crude code of human law takes no cognisance. The judge and jury find Joost Avelingh innocent, and send him free, but he carries his burden still, because he has become conscious of higher laws than man adminsters, and for him "there remains the knowledge that I desired this man's destruction, and that if Christ's teaching means anything, I am a murderer at heart. . . . Those who can measure crime only by the damage it does others, and not by the ruin it brings upon ourselves, will bid me take heart and be merry, or laugh at me for a fool But I know . . . Christ has told men truly that sin is a thing of the thought, not the deed. And I must bear my burden." He was not innocent merely because the law could not touch him. He was a murderer in intention, and had deliberately abstained from the small action that might have saved the dead man's life. Therefore he repudiates the inheritance that comes to him from that death, and voluntarily does such justice upon himself as he can.

De Zonheuvel, Maarten Maartens' home near Doorn, Holland.



The Entrance Hall at De Zonheuvel.

The problem recurs in a different form in "God's Fool." Elias Volderdoes is blind and deaf for life as

Maarten Maartens at the ages of 5, 13, and at 20 (as student at Utrecht).

the consequence of an accident, for which his young half-brother, Hubert, is responsible. Hubert grows up to an acute recognition of his responsibility and all it involves. Elias, as eldest son, inherits the great tea business and becomes head of the famous house of Volderdoes. Hubert and his elder brother, Hendrik, only learn on their father's death that the business falls by inalienable succession to their afflicted half-brother, and that there is nothing for them but to manage it in his behalf for some small share of the profits. Hubert, bitterly mindful of his responsibility, is intent on being scrupulously just to the helpless Elias and guarding him against any attempt to take advantage of his helplessness. He discovers, by and by, that Hendrik is working covertly, but in subtle ways that leave the law unbroken, to jockey Elias out of his interest in the firm, and, resolute to prevent this, since other expedients fail, Hubert murders his brother when his villainous scheme is on the eve of accomplishment, and murders him in such circumstances that suspicion falls on Hendrik's friend Alers, who had not merely aided and abetted him in his attempt, but had put the idea in his mind and harried him into carrying it out. Wherefore, Hubert is, if not happy, at least contented that the police should not be undeceived. "It was right that Alers should bear the blame of the murder. For, in reality, Alers was the guilty man. He had slain Hendrik morally. He alone had rendered this physical killing expedient unavoidable. And it was right, it

Utrecht "Corps Student" (Freshman), 1877.

Maarten Maartens at the ages of 21, 25 and 28.

Photos 2, 3, 5 and 7 by Wegner & Mottu, Amsterdam Utrecht; Mulder, Utrecht; De Lavieter, La Haye; and Numa Blanc Fils Paris.

was just, that, being the intellectual cause of Hendrik's death, he should be punished for it—and he alone."

The charming old maid, Miss Varelkamp, in "An Old Maid's Love," feels that she is stained with the guilt of murder because she has made an unsuccessful attempt to rescue her nephew from the wiles of Madame de Mongelas by administering an overdose of morphia to that gay lady. Failure did not affect her intention—it was that that counted. But she has no remorse, no fear of disgrace, and is only sorry she has failed. The murder of such a woman was morally justifiable, if so she could save the nephew whom she passionately loved. Or, rather, the youth who was supposed to be her nephew. In reality he was the illegitimate son of the man she loved, and whom she had refused to marry, because she felt he was morally married already to the girl who was the mother of his child. Again and again in these stories of Maarten Maartens' such higher unwritten laws of the soul are brought into conflict with the laws of the statute books, and the statutory laws seem mean, unjust, ineffective, unutterably little beside them. Without being problem novels in the ordinary meaning of the term, "The Sin of Joost Avelingh," "God's Fool," "The Greater Glory," "My Lady Nobody," "The Healers," and other of Maarten Maartens' books handle absorbingly these great problems of human character and conduct, but they handle them with such artistic restraint and with such large understanding of the hearts and minds of men, that the problem is never unduly obtrusive, is never the whole story; it is usually the outcome of a dormant phase of character that, roused by circumstance, asserts itself at a crisis, and averts or precipitates a tragedy. No man passes the whole of his life in debating and experimentalising upon any one problem of existence. The people of Maarten Maartens' books fill their days, like the rest of us, with many and diverse interests,

Maarten Maartens.
From a pen and ink drawing by a French artist.

but from time to time their follies or misfortunes, or the follies or misfortunes of their associates, bring them up sharply against some of those uncharted ethical difficulties that lie in wait for the traveller in all the ways of the world; and the drama of the story is intensified and humanised by the strife thus occasioned between the nobler instincts of man's nature and the sophistications of self-interest and conventional righteousness. These questions of what is right, as distinguished from what is customary, what is wrong, as distinguished from what is unlawful, have a curious fascination for Maarten Maartens, and in his vividly realistic presentation of them lies the strength and fascination of the greatest of his novels.

Photo by Van Bosch, Wiesbaden. **Maarten Maartens.**
Taken in 1890, the year "God's Fool" was written.

II.

But we are going ahead too fast, and shall have to justify ourselves by a precedent from "God's Fool," where, having got Hendrik and Cornelia comfortably married and settled down, the author turns back in the next chapter to describe the wedding. Long before Joost Marius Willem Van der Poorten-Schwartz renamed himself Maarten Maartens and became famous at once with "The Sin of Joost Avelingh" ("I selected the pseudonym of Maarten Maartens," he says, "merely because it was an alias with a Dutch look that English readers might possibly be able to pronounce"), he married at the age of twenty-five his first cousin. Unfortunately his wife's delicate health broke down completely soon after their marriage; for a long time it was hoped that a change of climate might be more efficacious than medicine; and whilst they were living much abroad in the vain search of a cure, on the Riviera, at various sanatoria, Maarten Maartens occupied his enforced leisure in miscellaneous reading and in writing poetry, some in German, most of it in English; and he presently

published a collection of the latter, which was eulogised by several of the reviews, but, as is customary with most English poetry, met with little or no sale and died respectably. He was always an omnivorous reader; his tastes were catholic and he read in various languages. At Bonn, his first favourites had been Heine and Schiller; but even earlier he had fallen under the mighty influence of Shakespeare whom, as a boy, he had read and re-read with passionate enthusiasm.

De Zonheuvel from the South.

When he thus tentatively entered upon his career as an author, he knew nobody connected with literature in any way, and his only English friend was the late R. S. Faber, the Secretary of the Huguenot Society, whom he had met at a Bonn hotel. Mr. Faber wrote repeatedly advising him to try his hand at writing a novel in English, and Maarten Maartens as often replied insisting that such an achievement was beyond him. Then, the sensational success of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" caught his imagination; everybody was talking about it; it seemed an easy and interesting sort of thing to write; and on a sudden impulse he planned a sensational plot and wrote a thrilling detective-story—his first novel—in English. It was published, and promptly bought in Germany and pirated in America, but made no impression in England, and he had not waited for it to do so. While it was still struggling for life on the bookstalls he was writing what some of us hold to be the greatest of his novels—"The Sin of Joost Avelingh," and when this was finished he wasted no time in hunting after a publisher for it, but paid for its publication. Its success was immediate. Maarten Maartens modestly remarks that "the book caught on, more or less"; but if my memory is not cheating me badly, there was no "less" about it. The book was widely and eagerly read and discussed; it created no little stir in the selectest literary dovecotes, and it would have been strange had it failed to do so. For "The Sin of Joost Avelingh" is one of the finest and most impressive of modern prose epics; it is the story of how Joost found his soul and let all the joys of the world slip through his fingers sooner than lose it again. It was the first of a series of masterly studies in psychology that have given their author both an English and a European reputation. An admirable translation of the novel was published by Messrs. Ahn, and it conquered the German public as it had conquered the English. Coming over to London in those early days of his fame, Maarten Maartens was received ("as I have ever been received since," he says) with the warmest welcome from our literary clubs and men of letters, and he felt that, to use his own words again, "henceforth it was manifestly my fate to write books."

De Zonheuvel—the Stables.

And he has written them. In these last twenty-four years the list of his works has lengthened out to some score of volumes; including two books of short stories, the sketches of "Women I have Known," and "The New Religion," the only one of his books that is frankly autobiographical, not in actual incident, but in its revelation of his spiritual growth. There is no need for detailed criticism here of an author whom greater critics have authoritatively sealed of the tribe of the immortals. "Since Tolstoy died," writes Ezzard Nidden, "only

one great epic writer is left to us—Maarten Maartens." "Every thinker," says Hoyt, "should have on his shelves Goethe, Schiller, Maartens." In his monumental "History of English Literature," Dr. Anton Lohr ranks him among the highest: "His works stand alone in the English literature of the day. But this great writer belongs to the literature of Europe." And our English critics have not been slow to add their imprimatur to these decrees. But, with due respect for the gospel of the superior person, the final test of an author's greatness lies in the power of his appeal to that large, general world in which the professional critics form a small, select minority, and the measure of Maarten Maartens' triumph in that larger world may be gauged from the fact that this year he is to join that limited circle who have attained the successful author's crown of success—a collected edition of his works.

De Zonheuvel—in the Park.

III.

"One of the earliest pleasures that my adventure into literature brought me," Maarten Maartens will tell you, "was an appreciative letter from Sir William Robertson Nicoll (then Dr. Nicoll) suggesting that we should meet. I knew he was always ready to encourage and help the young and the new writer, and if I was no longer young, I was certainly new, and foreign, which made me newer still. We were then living in the Château de Sully, between Vevey and Clarens, and I persuaded Sir William to come out and spend three winter days with us. The day before his arrival my amazed servant brought in a huge holland bag, cramfull, and very heavy. The rural postman had toiled up the hill with it, and it contained fifty or so newspapers and magazines and the rest of Sir William's morning post. The next delivery brought as much again — in twenty-four hours a post as large as I generally received during the whole three hundred and sixty-five days of a year. Later, I sat and watched Sir William snapping off the wrappers and dropping the papers on my smoking-room floor, and thought to myself, 'Whatever is the use of that?' I discovered, however, in due course, that he had seen the essential things in every paper and magazine, either as he opened it, or as it fell to the floor. That was my first meeting with a great literary worker, and my first sight of a famous journalist's method of work. When he left me at the end of three days my smoking-room parquet lay buried a foot deep under papers and their discarded wrappings, my mind was full of news, new thoughts, new enlightenments, and we had laid the foundation, I think he will let me say, of a close and a real friendship. Another lasting pleasure, that dates from many years back, was my friendship with Mr. Edmund Gosse. At his home in Delamere Terrace—(surely it should be more famous than any other house in later Victorian literature)—I made the acquaintance of men whose names are household words wherever books are published and read. Alas, I am far too little in England!—an average, perhaps, of a fortnight once a year—but, thanks mainly to Mr. Gosse—himself a delightful literary centre, like a radiating sun—I have had the happiness of meeting almost all the leading writers of my own time. To my book, "A Question of Taste" I owe a life-long friendship with Mrs. Edmund Gosse. Such, then, are some of the pleasures

De Zonheuvel—the French Garden.

of literature, and I count them among the chief rewards that my work has brought me."

He has been fêted and justly honoured in England and America. Aberdeen University made him an Hon. LL.D., and the University of Pennsylvania an Hon. Litt.D. He has some amusing and interesting recollections of a visit he paid to the States in the heyday of his success. As he was landing at New York, a reporter came up and enquired if he was Mr. Maarten Maartens. "I am not sure," the novelist replied jokingly. "I feel as if I had suffered a sea-change." The reporter, apparently not recognising the quotation, duly announced in his paper that "Mr. Maartens said he had been dreadfully sea-sick." Only once he declined to be interviewed; then the reporter went away and publishing an interview, nevertheless, avenged himself by describing Maarten Maartens as "short and fat, with eagle eyes, and long black hair falling over his shoulders." After that he never evaded interviewers, and did his best to answer all their questions. What touched and pleased him especially was the thoughtful and exquisite hospitality of his many American hosts, who, in a hundred delicate little ways of complimenting him, complimented his nation also. He likes to think that in America they do not forget that a Dutch ship landed at New Amsterdam a week before the Mayflower put its passengers ashore in New England. As an example of this gracious welcoming — when Maarten Maartens' eighteen-year old daughter was presented at White House, President Roosevelt greeted her in Dutch with a Dutch nursery-rhyme: "Little, little creature, why come you to my Court?" and the evening's entertainment consisted largely of Dutch songs by singers in Dutch costume. These are small matters, but as indications of the spirit that inspires them they are charmingly significant.

Maarten Maartens.

From a caricature by Max Beerbohm.
Reproduced by kind permission of the artist.

In his native country Mynheer Van der Poorten-Schwartz has led a sort of double existence, has had a double personality that his compatriots have sometimes found rather confusing, so that he has felt, he says, as if he were a kind of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and did not know which was the worst of him. People who knew Mynheer Van der Poorten-Schwartz, the retiring country gentleman, did not associate him then with Maarten Maartens, the famous novelist, who wrote in English the truest and the most memorable stories of Dutch life that have ever been written. Some, when they learned the truth, resented the fact that a fellow-Dutchman should write about them in a foreign tongue, and considered that, anyhow, whatever was written in such circumstances should be purely eulogistic. But this would have been to make the Dutchman something more or less than human, and it is their evident naturalness, their stark truthfulness that gives Maarten Maartens' books their compelling power. Fine novel as it is, "Her Memory" will not rank beside his great Dutch stories. His pictures of English and German people and scenery may be true enough, but he is always at his highest when his imagination is playing familiarly under the sober skies, over the flat, mist-haunted, sombrely beautiful landscapes, among the humours, the business and pleasure, the stolidities, the idiosyncrasies, the dour passions and vices and homely virtues of his own people. He may use the lash of satire against the law and the lawyers, and, speaking from long and sad experience, against the mumbo-jumbo of the medical profession (there is an edge of earnestness about his Mr. Bitterbol's "Medicine is quackery with a University stamp."); some of his Dutch merchants may be sordid and unscrupulous in their pursuit of gain, and the national thriftiness and respect for social prestige may rub the bloom from some of his love-idylls; but on the other hand he reveals to you the finer qualities of his race, the quiet chivalry, the spirit of self-sacrifice, the steady endurance, the courage in face of disaster, the acute, almost morbid moral sensitiveness that manifest themselves on occasion in the humblest and most ignorant Dutchmen as well as in the cultured and

important. His insight into the complex psychology of such characters and his subtle skill in portraying them and in fashioning a story that shall bring their best and worst qualities into play are among the highest manifestations of his genius. He is an observer and a thinker, living outside the great movements of his generation but keenly interested in them all and discussing them, expressing his thoughts of them, developing his whole suggestive philosophy of religion and politics, and of the dreams, hopes, beliefs and desires that make up human experience through the medium of his dramatis personæ. His stories have a Tolstoyan fulness and spaciousness of scheme and idea, but he writes them and paints his characters with a sharpness of light and shadow and a minute realism that are only comparable with the great Dutch painters in one art, and with Dostoievsky in another. Often his descriptions of homestead and landscape are little prose poems, but the touch of poetry in them takes nothing from their careful realism; every detail of a scene is etched in swiftly and sharply till, by some blinking lamp-light, or the magic lights of morning or of evening, the whole thing grows upon your vision into the finished picture, vividly and perfectly realised.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Maarten Maartens.**

Here is a casual sketch from "Jan Hunkum's Money," a grimly powerful story in "My Poor Relations":

"Outside in the darkness hung the grey November mist. The rustle of its unrelenting drip was everywhere. On the bare hedgerows, down the scraggy trees, along the tattered eaves. In the darkness the shiny globules formed and fell incessantly, the puddles gleamed across the slippery roadway: amid the windless silence all things seemed to listen for the next pat, and the next. The air was raw and miserable."

And here a drawing on a larger canvas of a typical old Dutch town:

"The New Canal, like most of the canals of the good old town of Overstad, sleeps the sleep of dignified repose. Its sluggish waters dribble lazily round the doors of the cellars down below. You can hang over the iron railings and wonder whether they move. High up above them runs the street—no, the word is of all others most unsuitable—lies the street, on both sides of the deep-sunk line of gloomy water, a rough roadway of boulders, between two neat stripes of little bricks. The trees that border it are green and leafy; the grass that creeps across it is also green and fresh. The tall houses, that rise up in straggling rows, nod quietly to each other. They are many-storied; the canal is narrow; the sky is grey. . . . Never, in that drowsy nook, forgotten of the nineteenth century, does a man go by who looks as if he had anything to do, or would be anxious to do it, if he had. In the early morning there will come a slight rustle in the stillness, because the milkman and the baker and the butcher go leisurely down the long line and climb up the tall stoops, and ring peals that frighten the solemn somnolence of the neighbourhood, but that is only a ripple on its repose. . . . All the year round, the front doors are green, and the muslin curtains hang white and neat, as in a doll's house, and the brass bell-handles sparkle like diamonds, and the grey stone stoops are polished till you could eat off them without disgust. And sometimes, on rare occasions, a ragged street-boy, lost out of the life of to-day, will come tearing down the middle of the road, across the grass-grown boulders, hoarsely shrieking, 'Extra telegrams!' 'Latest foreign news!' But nobody ever buys of him. Not on this canal."

I had intended quoting other of his word-pictures of Dutch scenery and quaint, bizarre village interiors; but I have no space for them now; moreover, those wonderful bits of description would lose something of their effectiveness if they were not read as the proper setting of his story and its people, when they cunningly help to envelop you in the feeling and atmosphere of his country, and to a closer comprehension of certain brooding, phlegmatic, morbid tendencies in those who are reared in that stern environment.

IV.

Withal, Maarten Maartens emphatically declares that he dislikes writing novels. He confesses that this disinclination has repeatedly kept him away from his desk, as it has kept him lately, for two years at a stretch. That he has many interests, and that he is for some while past broken in health may to some extent account for it; but he owns that even when he is working on a story he welcomes every interruption and is glad of any excuse to drop his pen. He has frequently announced his intention of writing no more; then one day an idea has taken him and forgetting his resolve he has gone back to his desk and somehow or other another novel has got itself done. I have no doubt in my own mind that now his publishers have determined to issue this collected edition of his books he has accepted it for a sign and comfortably persuaded himself that his work really is finished, his last novel written, at last. But I have no doubt either, in my own mind, that the impulse which in spite of himself has from time to time moved him so potently before, will sooner or later move him again. I am not alone, at all events, in hoping that it will, nor should I be alone in my regret if it did not. It is very well for him to protest: "Writing brings to all writers, I presume, some pleasure and much pain, and I am not foolish enough to imagine that anybody cares twopence whether I write again or no." We have novelists in plenty and to spare, it is true, but we have not plenty like Maarten Maartens—he has his high and distinctive place in our literature and happens to be one of the very few that make up the short list of those that we cannot spare without being the poorer for it.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JANUARY, 1914.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV., and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original Lyric.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original Lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best Letter of Advice in not more than a hundred and fifty words from the General Reader to a would-be Novelist.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of their reviews.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best Lyric is divided, and we award HALF A GUINEA each to Ivan Adair, of 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin, and to Miss O. Turpin, of 30, Crescent Road, Birkdale, Lancs., for the following:

A LEGEND OF CANNACHT.

Leave the door unbolted,
Pile the fire high;
'Tis the eve o' Christmas,
An' maybe They'll go by.

She, so wan an' weary,
Sittin' on an ass;
Lookin' round from door to door,
Down the street They'll pass.

She, so wan an' weary,
Longin' for her rest,
An' the Dear Life pantin'
'Neath Her Virgin breast.

An' not a home in Ireland
But has a vacant bed
Where She that bore the Lamb o' God
Might lay Her tired head.

Leave the door unbolted,
Make the fire bright;
Perhaps the Holy Travellers
Will stop with us to-night.

IVAN ADAIR.

REMORSE.

Hot lips and passionate eyes,
And the youth of you white as a flame;
Like a meteor out of the skies,
Into my life you came.

Cold lips and desolate eyes,
And the youth of you broken and spent;
Slain on the altar of lies,
Out of my life you went.

Dream lips and shadowy eyes,
And your kiss like a curse on my brow;
Who says that the dead do not rise,
When the soul of you stands by me now.

O. TURPIN.

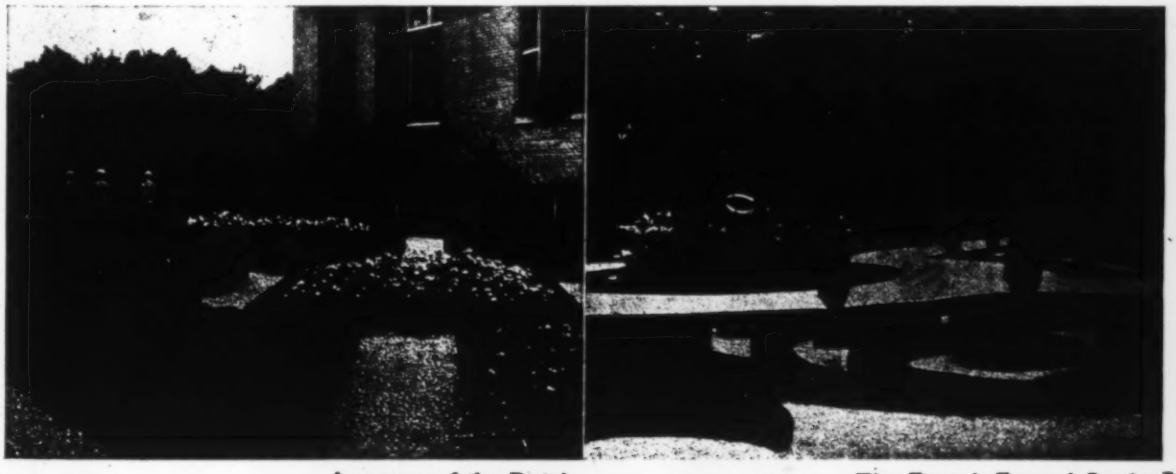
We also select for printing:

TO MY LADY IN THE GARDEN.

My lady walks in stateliness;
Her greyhounds slowly pace;
Lily and hollyhock confess
They vie with her in grace;
Nor can the rose itself express
The beauty of her face.

And as she walks in stateliness,
Her fluttering doves arise;
The irridescent peacock's dress
Opens its hundred eyes:
A milk-white swan is motionless
Where skim the dragon-flies.

My lady walks in stateliness;
Dark violets scent the air;
Bright bees and butterflies caress
Pansies and poppies fair:
The jasmine scatters pale largesse
Upon my lady's hair.



A corner of the Dutch Flower Garden

The French Formal Garden at De Zonheuvel.

Ah! when she walks in stateliness
Among her flowers apart,
All Nature knows her peerlessness,
Nor finds her counterpart—
But I, I only, dare to guess
How tender is her heart!

("Peacock," Ellerslie, Sea Point, Cape Town, S. Africa.)

GRANDFATHER.

He is content
To sit beside the fire,
With nodding head, serene and mild;
All his young passion spent,
As gentle as a child
Whose eyes are empty of desire.

Grown far too old
And stiff, afield to roam,
Still he must totter out to wait
At twilight, by the fold
Where, peeping through the gate,
He sees the children running home.

And when they crowd
Like a bright swarm of bees
Along the grassy cattle-track,
He lifts the youngest, proud
To bear her on his back
With trembling hands about her knees,

Listening while
The rosy lips outpour
How all the sunny day was sped:
Then, with a vacant smile
(When they have gone a-bed)
Falls silent, dreaming as before.

(Miss Vivian Ford, 12, Priory Road, Tyndall's Park, Bristol.)

IN LOVE'S CASKET.

I.

A lily-spray from a dead bouquet,
Confetti of rose and blue;
The veil of a long-gone Wedding Day;
The bow of a satin shoe.
An ivory card of untold worth,
And a loosely-wrinkled glove:
Some marriage-lines—and the First-born's birth—
In this Casket—filled by Love!

These are the treasures a woman keeps;
Relics that know not Time:
Lock'd all apart, by a tender heart,
In love sublime!

II.

A scrap of paper with "Mother" penn'd
By a hand so very dear;
The laughing face of a vanish'd friend
Keeping its long youth, here!
The baby-doll that Heart's Darling dropp'd,
When she said "Good-bye" to tears,
When earth grew dark, and its great pulse stopp'd—
In this Casket of the years!

These are the jewels a woman keeps—
Sacred for evermore!
Knowing the Might that giveth Light
Will all restore!

(R. E. L., Durham.)

We also specially commend the Lyrics sent in by Marjorie Winifred Crosbie (Herne Bay), Rev. E. C. Lansdown (Birmingham), L. Cookes (Leamington) R. W. King (Catford), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), C. Edith Gill (Stroud Green), Doris Dean (Bromley), Gwyn Elton (High Barnet), M. A. Newman (Brighton), D. J. Darlow (Chippenham), Miss M. Denison (Halifax), Hylda C. Cole (Kilmalcolm), Alonzo J. Freeland (Kilworth), A. F. L. Smith (Norwich), M. A. P. Price (Birmingham), Mrs. J. Ford (Oxford), F. J. Popham (Annan), A. Ellerton (Forest Hill, E.), Grace J. Gibson (Dublin), Jocelyn Iërne Ormsby (Pontypridd), W. M. Comber (Knutsford), Beatrice Craig (Straidarran), E. J. Martin (Sheffield), M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), L. Macnamara (Dublin), A. H. Hughes (Glasgow), Mrs. A. M. Reid (Motherwell), Mrs. A. E. M. Baker (Kilburn), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Arthur R. O'Connor (Dorridge), Frederick J. Mathias (Cardiff), B. G. Brooks (Ilford), F. N. Ward (Hull), John H. Bryan (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Percy Thomas (Hornsey), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Ivan J. Collins (Bromley), A. R. C. Westlake (Hampstead), Aileen K. Cook (Southbourne), G. M. Northcott (West Kirby), Dorothy Miriam Bunn (Hull), Margot Balfour (London, W.), G. W. Turner (Burnley), G. Chester (Penarth), Isobel Shaw (Fulham), Barbara G. Friend (Sheffield), Arthur G. Wilshire (Dalston), Emily M. Hewetson (Wandsworth), Adelaide Addenbrooke (Gravesend), P. H. Kipling (Devonport), Sydney Ralph Noyes (Paris), Mona Douglas (Birkenhead), Emily Cornell (Upper Norwood), W. T. Brocklebank (Darlington), H. C. Wilkinson (Galashiels), Barbara H. Annand (Aberdeen), E. A. Pearson (Fleet), A. E. Barnes (Beaconsfield), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), C. W. Kent (Alderley Edge), Alex. G. M'Clellan (Edinburgh), Euphemia Dalgleish (Leith), Mary E. Keiller (Java), Thos. A. Parr (Batley), G. M. Fife (Edinburgh), Mary Berkeley (Upper Norwood), Thos. Laird (Holytown), C. H. Morgan (Cullompton), Tamer Fald (Edinburgh), Evelina San Garde (Accrington), W. Johnson (Harrogate), Fernanda Fairley (Stroud), S. N. A. (Madras), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), Hugh McIntosh (Edinburgh), David Boland (Glasgow), H. B. Dawes (Birkdale), J. Farquharson (London, W.C.), Ida A. Zilisch (Wisconsin, U.S.A.), J. W. Lawson (Durham), May R. Gardiner (Kilburn), Rev. F. K. Berry (Barrow-in-Furness), Alice Scott (Sydenham), Marcella Whittaker (Dewsbury), Ernest H. O. (West Croydon), W. Siebenhaar (Perth, W. Australia), M. F. W. (Maidstone), E. T. Sandford (Saltash), J. R. Allardyce Nicoll (Glasgow), Arnold J. Willett (Weston-super-Mare), Miss V. W. Ware (Gloucester), Donald Bain (Buffalo, U.S.A.), A. J. Corke (Malvern), E. A. Potter (Birmingham), Gwen E. Capel (Bournemouth), Mary G. Cherry (Matlock), G. R. Glasgow (Switzerland), Maud McDonald (Enfield), E. B. (Rushington), Dora K. Baker (Forest Gate), J. R. C. Fry (Girvan), A. W. Jay (Devonport), E. Randolph (Ilkley), F. Beard (Croydon), Ina S. Dabbs (Manchester), and Rose Francis (Burnham Norton).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss E. F. Parr, of 62, Clifton Park Road, Clifton, Bristol, for the following:

HERE ARE LADIES. BY JAMES STEPHENS. (Macmillan.)

And sighing, he replied:
"Of gloomy Pentonville
This is the Female Side."
W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads.*

We also select for printing:

THE BUSINESS OF LIFE. BY R. W. CHAMBERS. (Appleton.)

"Pay, pay, pay."
KIPLING, *The Absent-minded Beggar.*

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

HERE ARE LADIES. BY JAMES STEPHENS. (Macmillan.)

"The mistletoe hung in the castle hall."
T. H. BAYLEY, *The Mistletoe Bough.*

(Charles Powell, 290, Oxford Road, Manchester.)

THE YEAR 1913 ILLUSTRATED. (Headley.)

"There must be something good in you I know,
Or why does everyone abuse you so?"

(Miss H. R. Wood, 44, Putney Hill, S.W.)

WHEN LOVE CALLED. BY SIR WILLIAM MAGNAY. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"She did not object in the least."
HOOD, *Epicurean Reminiscences.*

(Nancy Taylor, Bramber Villa, Stanley Road, Woodford, N.E.)

THE ROMANCE OF AN ELDERLY POET. BY A. M. BROADLEY and WALTER JERROLD. (Stanley Paul.)

"Better late than never."
Old Proverb.

(S. Hunter, 14, Avondale Road, Chesterfield.)

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING. By EDWIN PUGH. (Chapman & Hall.)

"I've got a pain inside!"
H. S. LEIGH, *Only Seven.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham.)

III.—A number of New Year Resolutions supposed to be written by well-known contemporaries have been sent in, but none is quite up to publication standard. The best list is that sent by Mr. John Carlton, of 17, Burgoyne Road, Finsbury Park, N., to whom the PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is awarded.

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words of any recent book is awarded to Miss Marjorie C. Barnard, of 39, Nevern Square, W., for the following:

LORD LISTER. By G. T. WRENCH. (Fisher Unwin.)

This book gives a fascinating picture of Lister's personality; the marvellous patience necessary to the working out of his theories, his courage in putting them to practical test, and the unaffected modesty with which he accepted success. It explains the principles of his antiseptic treatment, and describes the difficulty he had in convincing his fellow-surgeons of its efficacy, in spite of the striking transformation in his wards. The author has given an interesting criticism of the modern aseptic method, showing the weakness of its complicated apparatus as contrasted with the simplicity which was one of Lister's chief objects.

We also select for printing:

THE NEW FORESTERS. By WILLIAM CAINE. (Nisbet.)

They would be foolish, indeed, who failed to respond to Mr. Caine's invitation to range themselves with the "Easy Goers" and the "Loafing Fraternity," and accompany him with his wife and unique donkey on a vagabond progress through the New Forest. It is a joyous journey. Few could wander so whimsically; most travellers are burdened with knapsack or caravan, and have no leisure for the light, bright side of a vagrant life. One only wishes one could have made a third—rather a fourth, for the ass is a very important member—in the party.

(Miss L. Mugford, 13, Ross Road, South Norwood Hill.)

UNDERGROWTH. By E. and F. BRETT YOUNG. (Martin Secker.)

The authors of "Undergrowth" have conceived a strange and depressing story of distinctly pagan atmosphere. The scene is laid in a remote Welsh valley, where the rank vegetation grows dense and tangled, and where hostile and eerie influences contend against a band of miners, robbing them of reason, luring them to death. The book has good literary qualities, artistic feeling, power of description, and beauty of language: the characters are well and strongly drawn. It is essentially a man's book written about men, and the feminine element—save in the prologue, which strikes one as somewhat inapposite—is entirely lacking.

(R. Duncan, 175, Kettering Road, Northampton.)

CAKE. By BOHUN LYNCH. (Murray.)

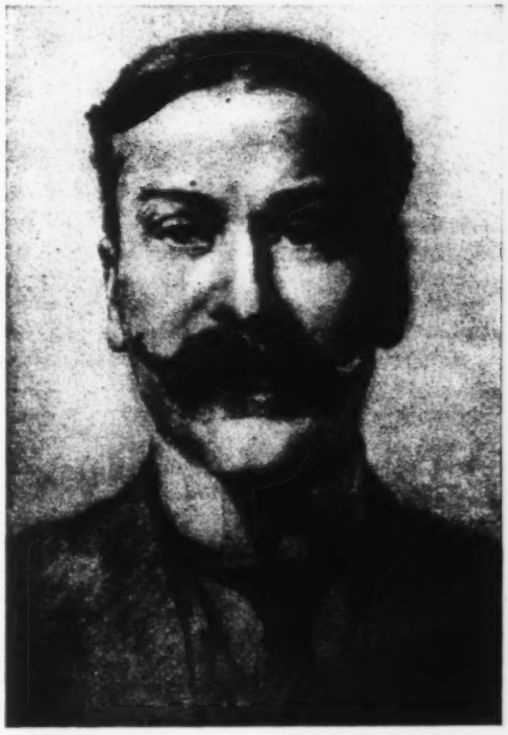
This is a story of aristocracy, of middle-class life in "Suburbiton," of Bohemians, curious restaurants, District trains, family trees, and the newspaper world. It touches life at a thousand points. One cannot help loving an idyllic couple herein, poor, but nobly born, who had to change, for lucre, the euphonious name of Luffington for the mean-sounding Tibshelf. Mr. Bohun Lynch makes these dear folk talk such slangy nonsense, without vulgarising the written page one bit. Such pretty humours and observation!—such daft days and nights make up the ingredients of his book.

(M. A. Newman, 19, Sudeley Street, Brighton.)

SCOTT'S LAST EXPEDITION. 2 Vols. (Smith, Elder.)

Here we have the Book of the Year, one of the books destined to be immortal. The Editors have given us two intensely interesting volumes, full of wonderful illustrations—an edition worthy of the deathless story it contains. In this epic work we see what Englishmen can do, and how Englishman can die. Brave Scott's Journal makes fascinating and inspiring reading, and the letter to Sir J. M. Barrie in particular is a little gem. Scott's achievement and its tragic ending can only be compared with Nelson's death at Trafalgar.

(James A. Richards, 10, Park Road, Tenby, S. Wales.)



Maarten Maartens.
From the portrait by Sir L. Alma-Tadema (1910).

T. TEMBAROM. By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"T. T" is a hero that everyone must love. His cheery disposition, his ever-ready sympathy, his Americanisms, every habit he has, serve but to endear him the more to us. Little Ann, womanly, appealing, yet delightfully competent, is the only possible mate for him; their romance is weaved with the most charming delicacy and insight. The book abounds with irresistible humour, and its pathos is genuine. There are only two faults: one is its length, and the other the rather too strained use of coincidence. But these are details, in comparison with the art of the whole.

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

HORACE BLAKE. By MRS. WILFRED WARD. (Hutchinson.)

This is a remarkable, very well written, and interesting book. But the subject is painful, and many readers might doubt if it is suited to the pages of a novel. What may be called a death-bed repentance is a very difficult question. How can we tell if we are to rejoice with the angels, or if we are face to face with a delusion? Kate Blake is a fine study of a woman's character, and all the work is done with much delicacy and skill.

(M. J. F. Bittleston, Tilford, Surrey.)

Other good reviews have been sent in by Miss A. M. Strickland (Farnham), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood, S.E.), Frances A. S. Holbrow (Harrietsham, Kent), Mrs. Olive Gillespie (Littlebourne, Kent), E. Heck, Dr.Phil. (Strassburg-Ruprechtsau, Germany), D. Pratt (Chatteris), R. W. King (Catford Hill, S.E.), L. H. Cooke (Heaton Moor, Lancs.), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall, Cheshire), H. W. Harwood (Halifax), Mrs. Elizabeth B. Piercy (Huddersfield), Marie Russell Brown (Glasgow), Miss M. J. Dobie (Chester), Ivan Adair (Dublin), M. Grene (Dublin), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Handsworth, Birmingham), John F. Leening (Buxton), M. Blacklee (Barrow-in-Furness), G. E. Wakerley (West Bridgford, Notts.), Eva H. Goodman (Kew), Sissie Hunter (Chesterfield), Gwendoline Jones (Swansea), Marcella Whittaker (Dewsbury), and Mrs. S. K. Vesey (Glenfarg).

V.—A PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Miss E. Webster, of 34, Marlborough Hill, Kingsdown, Bristol.

A NEW HISTORY OF THE SCOTTISH CHURCH.*

By Professor James Stalker.

FOR the work of which this is the first volume there was crying need. Grub's four volumes have distinguished merits, but they are really a history of the Episcopal Church in Scotland and, when accepted as a religious history of the country, put things altogether out of focus. Cunningham's two volumes have long served the uses of students preparing for examination, but their tone is unspiritual, and sometimes even coarse. McCrie's "Sketches," and the single volume by Macpherson represent Free Church views. But Dr. MacEwen, though a United Free Churchman, is wider in spirit than any sect. He may be said to represent the Church which is yet to be, and which is coming into existence, it is to be hoped, through the negotiations for union now going on between his Church and the Church of Scotland. Nothing is more characteristic of his pages than the fairness and catholicity everywhere displayed. Indeed, his work might suit a wider union than any yet contemplated; and it is written with a scholarly taste and sustained dignity which will commend it to readers of all schools of thought.

No indication is given of the number of volumes still to come. But it is to be hoped that the author will allow himself both space and time to continue on the same scale as he has begun. Writers on the secular history of Scotland are tempted to finish at some early date, such as 1707 or 1745, because the interest dwindles towards the close; but this is not the case with the history of the Church, which continues vital to the present hour; and no part of Dr. MacEwen's work, thus auspiciously begun, will be more fascinating than the very last, where he will be writing from intimate personal knowledge.

During the first thousand years of the Christian era the historian of religion in Scotland has to skate over pretty thin ice all the time; and at certain parts—especially towards the beginning and the end—he reminds the onlooker of the runaway slave-mother in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," bounding from one piece of floating ice to another, so slender are the materials out of which the story has to be pieced. Yet Dr. MacEwen contrives to construct a singularly lifelike picture of the Celtic Church; and the figures of Columbanus (though he surely is rather outside the frame), Columba, Aidan and other leaders will never be displaced from the memory of those who have read this book. The missionary activity of the saints of the Scotic Church, as Dr. MacEwen calls it, is, in its simplicity and purity, as well as range, one of the most wonderful episodes in the entire history of Christianity; and here it is described with insight and fervour. It has all the appearance of an influence derived from primitive Christianity higher up the stream than that which was destined to become the main current in the West. Both in inward spirit and outward form it must have differed widely from the Roman Church; and Dr. MacEwen traces it far down, identifying with it the Culdee movement, which he traces almost as far as the Reformation. But does not the author give the game away when he allows episcopal succession to go on in the Celtic Church? Episcopal writers, who are here fighting *pro aris et focis*, have asserted this so persistently as to get their view adopted by secular historians; but it is a pity when a Presbyterian Church-historian fails to point out how little of real evidence and how much of theory and conjecture their special pleading contains. It is simply incredible that a man like Columba kept on the premises at Iona officials higher in order than himself, to be produced when ordinations had to be performed.

There were, however, defects in the Celtic Church. It lacked organisation, being only a far extended evangelistic campaign; and, as Dr. MacEwen observes, "evangelism, however sincere, and sporadic energising, however romantic, do not suffice to make Christianity part of the life of a nation." Hence the Roman Church, when it came in with Queen Margaret and her sons in the eleventh century, was irresistible. Of this saintly Queen a fine appreciation is given; and the author is always ready to take advantage of such names as Trail, Kennedy and Elphinstone to do honour to those who served the Church with their energies and adorned it by their character. Among these, it is pleasant to note, he is able to reckon King Robert the Bruce. But in the structure of the Roman Church, as it was set up in Scotland, there was from the first a mistake, which ultimately wrought havoc. This was the setting-up of a monastic clergy side by side with the parochial clergy. Nothing in this book is more astonishing than the accounts supplied of the wealth of every kind poured by a poor country like Scotland into these houses of religion; although the author gives surprisingly little thought to the motives which prompted these benefactions or the objects aimed at. But eventually these accumulations of wealth became a carcase to which the eagles were gathered together; and no eagle was so hungry as the Roman Curia. Dr. MacEwen is the first to make full use, for the years from 1198 to 1447, of the "Calendar of Entries in the Papal Registers Relating to Great Britain and Ireland," published 1893–1909, and, with the help of this new material, he supplies a painstaking and comprehensive account of the working of the Papal administration in Scotland at this period. This corresponds closely with the account of a somewhat later period contained in Dr. Hay Fleming's "Reformation in Scotland," and it proves that the appalling state of things there disclosed was not, as some have thought, of recent growth, but had lasted for hundreds of years. Secular writers have idealised monasticism and have expatiated on the seeds of culture brought to Scotland through contact with Rome and Italy; but the truth, as brought to light by the recent unearthing of documents, might almost be held to prove that a Church of Christ had ceased to exist in Scotland, its place being taken by a synagogue of Satan.

Still, it turned out that the decay and corruption were not to be final; and, after the darkness of centuries, the closing pages of this volume are illuminated with

* "A History of the Church in Scotland." Vol. I. By Alex. R. MacEwen, D.D. 12s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Maarten Maartens

Photo by H. S. Mendelssohn.

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the first rays of a better time. Singularly graceful sketches are given of such reformers before the Reformation as Patrick Hamilton and George Wishart; and the narrative is so managed as to leave the reader at the close eager for what is still to come. By the way, I have heard from a Bohemian studying here that the martyr now generally known and named by Professor MacEwen as Paul Craw, who suffered at St. Andrews, was really Paul from Cravar, a town in Bohemia, to which my informant belongs, and that it is pronounced Cravarsh, the "r" being sounded as in the name of Dvořák, the musical composer.

THE GREAT COMMONER.*

By J. Holland Rose, Litt.D.

THE career of the first British statesman who sent a thrill of patriotic pride through the whole people must be a matter of national concern. Yet by a strange chance that career has never until now been treated in detail, and as a whole, by a British writer. Mr. Frederic Harrison's sketch necessarily lacked the depth which the lover of historical biography demands. Lord Rosebery's charmingly sympathetic volume—"Chatham: his Early Life and Connections" (1910)—dealt almost entirely with the man, and stopped short at the point where the statesman emerged from the maze of party feuds to figure as the saviour of England and the founder of her greater colonial Empire. In the same year Mr. Winstanley published an illuminating monograph, "Personal and Party Government," dealing with the causes of Pitt's dismissal by George III. and the beginnings of the new autocracy. In 1912 the same scholarly hand traced the history of the king's struggle with Pitt (now Earl of Chatham) and the Whig Opposition. Much, therefore, has been done in recent years by English scholars to prepare the way for a complete biography of Chatham as statesman. In the domain of war and administration, Mr. Julian Corbett, in "England and the Seven Years' War" (1907), laid stress on the keen insight into character, the soundness of strategic conception, and the vigour of execution, whereby Pitt turned defeat into victory. Here he differed from the Hon. J. W. Fortescue, who, in the "History of the British Army" (Vol. II.), sharply questioned the wisdom of Pitt's policy of coastal operations against France. The labours of these scholars, and of writers of monographs too numerous to mention, deserve to be recalled, however insufficiently; for there is a tendency (never so strong as in this hustling age) to pass them over, and by inference, or even by direct statement, to overrate the importance of the first complete biography written by an Englishman. Mr. Williams would be the first to admit that his noteworthy achievement was impossible apart from the very considerable amount of research of the scholars above named.

As is well known, Dr. von Ruville essayed the same task. His three volumes (translated into English in 1907) embody an enormous amount of investigation, especially into the relations of Pitt with the Continental Powers; but his view of Pitt, as having been prompted largely by the aims of the legacy-hunter, is so perversely ingenious as to disqualify him for passing a well-balanced judgment on the motives which shaped conduct and inspired a far-reaching policy. Ruville's constant desire to find out new explanations of events is carried so far as to refer Lord Sackville's refusal to charge with the British cavalry at Minden, not to the obvious cause—failure of nerve—but to political considerations, which the author sets forth with wearisome inconsequence.

It is gratifying, then, to find that Mr. Williams in such cases is content to accept the obvious explanation. In

* "The Life of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham," by Basil Williams. 2 vols. 25s. net. (Longmans.)

De Zonheuvel, a corridor.

In the Hall.

De Zonheuvel, the Screen.

research his work may be compared even with its German rival,—witness his excellent account (in Chapter XI.) of Pitt's actual work of administration as Secretary of State. In sureness of judgment Mr. Williams far surpasses Dr. von Ruville.

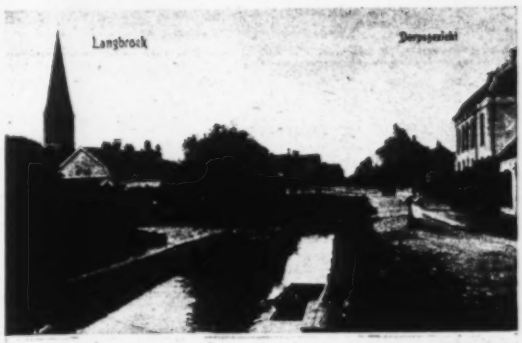
In diplomatic affairs Mr. Williams is not always quite correct. Thus, while describing the Treaty of Westminster, concluded with Frederic the Great in January, 1756, he seems to infer (I. 277) that it aimed primarily at the defence of "the Empire" against the Russians, whom we had subsidised by the Anglo-Russian convention of September, 1755. But surely the Newcastle Ministry was not so foolish as that. The Westminster compact, though vague, was directed against France, which had recently prepared stores of arms in the Rhineland, with a view to a raid into Hanover. Besides, Russian territories were remote from the Empire, and the limitation of the Anglo-Prussian treaty to the defence of those territories would have justified the British Cabinet in defending Maria Theresa, its old ally, against offensive action by Frederic. It is also incorrect to say that we sacrificed "our rights to the arrears of a Silesian loan," which Frederic had impounded in retaliation for captures by British privateers. By the Treaty of Westminster, Frederic fulfilled his obligations respecting the loan, on consideration of our paying the sum of £20,000 for the Prussian ships unjustly seized. On the other hand, Mr. Williams has reason on his side when he defends Pitt's change of front in advocating the Prussian alliance and the defence of Hanover. Here his judgment is sounder than that of Ruville, who maintains that Frederic was the worst possible ally. Surely, alliance with him was far more effective than that with Maria Theresa, which involved the burdensome defence of the lately dismantled fortresses of "the Flemish Barrier." With her as ally, the war against France would have been almost entirely defensive, as happened in 1742–8. With Frederic as ally, it could be offensive, and it is greatly to Pitt's credit that he discerned the efficacy of the new diplomatic arrangements on which the Newcastle Cabinet had accidentally stumbled. Flinging consistency to the winds, he resolved, with Prussia's help, to keep France busy in Central Germany while dealing the great blows in Canada and India.

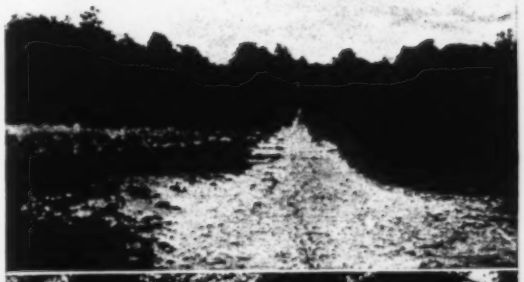
The account here given of Byng's conduct off Minorca is sound. That he blundered flagrantly in not doing his utmost to reinforce the hard-pressed British garrison at the citadel of Port Mahon is indisputable; and, as Mr. Williams shows, it is highly improbable that Pitt's generous appeal for mercy to the condemned admiral could have been supported by any new evidence which it was said might have been laid before the court-martial. The facts as to Byng's conduct of the naval engagement off Minorca were damaging enough; those relating to his neglect even to attempt to relieve the British garrison after the retirement of the French fleet were absolutely damning. It speaks volumes for the generosity of Pitt's character that he should have attempted to save the life of the admiral, who stood condemned to the death penalty by the rules of the service; for the statesman valued efficiency more than any man living. His eagle eye not only discerned ability—Wolfe, Saunders, and many others were his choice—but his dauntless bearing, even after the disasters of 1757, breathed confidence into every officer whom he interviewed.

Admirers of Chatham cannot but wish that these volumes had concluded with a chapter on his oratory. Various interesting hints there are by the way, such as his habit of indulging in turgid declamation when he was uninspired or below his usual level; or his practice of recurring lovingly to a phrase or simile that pleased him; or, again, the lightning effect of his improvisations when an idea or even a word occurred which moved him to his depths. An example of this is his reference to Magna Carta, which produced the wonderful outburst on that inspiring topic. Grattan's opinion on Pitt's stately rhetoric, quoted in Vol. II., page 280, makes us wish that Mr. Williams had treated this subject more fully. But, where there is so much that is new and interesting, it would be captious to speak further about omissions or slight mis-statements, which are almost inevitable in treating so vast and complex a subject. Suffice it to say that Mr. Williams has handled a great theme with the mastery which bespeaks industry in research and ability in the art of presentation.

The later chapters, describing Pitt's attitude to the American disputes, will deepen the regret of all well-wishers of the great English family that Pitt was not in power in the years 1770–8. Those disputes might have been settled by the exercise of tact at Westminster and Windsor. Pitt's conduct at that time was often inconsistent, but he always retained the confidence of the men of New England, for whom he had done so much. The feud between him and George III. was an incalculable misfortune. Nothing in that monarch's career became him so ill as his exclamation of satisfaction, on hearing of Pitt's physical collapse in the House of Lords, that his career was ended. Still worse, perhaps, was the prohibition to any member of the Court or Ministry to attend the funeral. The grief of the nation was a sign that would have warned anyone but George III. of the magnitude of his error in regard to the Great Commoner.

Mr. Basil Williams hazards the conjecture that the great statesman "would not have feared the French Revolution, which made even his son blench." The conjecture opens up an interesting field of inquiry. Undoubtedly the father had more vitality and staunchness than the son. On the other hand, he had far less sympathy with all that was new in the age then dawning. Certainly he would never have uttered those noble words of sympathy with democratic France and of conviction as to the ultimate splendour of her destiny which thrilled the House of Commons on February 9th, 1790. Very probably (if we may judge by his vehement hatred of France) he would have joined the league of the monarchs which was discussed at Pilnitz in August, 1791, and which the resolute neutrality of Pitt the Younger and Grenville rendered an abortive attempt at coercion. In truth, each statesman was suited to the special needs of his own age—Pitt the Elder to those of war and conquest, Pitt the Younger to those of industrialism, retrenchment and reform. The careers of both ended amidst seemingly overwhelming disasters; and yet the lessons of fortitude and magnanimity which they gave to their race enabled it to struggle through to a happier future. Well might the Marquis Wellesley say, when at Westminster Abbey he contemplated the grave of Chatham, into which the remains of his son were lowered: "Where is the grave which holds such a father and such a son?"





Photos by B. Ruitenbeck, Doorn.

Scenes round about De Zonheuvel, Maarten Maartens' home near Doorn, in Holland. Langbroek, and other of these scenes, recur frequently in his stories.

1. The village of Langbroek, near Doorn.
2. Road from Doorn to De Zonheuvel.
3. Beeches at Doorn.
4. Heath by De Zonheuvel.
5. Road from De Zonheuvel to Amersfoort.
6. Langbroek, another view.
7. Woods by De Zonheuvel.
8. Doorn village.
9. Road by De Zonheuvel to Maarn.
10. High road, Doorn.

BULWER LYTTON.*

By Walter Sichel.

"TWOPENCE plain and a *penny* coloured" is an inversion which fits the attitude of the early and middle nineteenth century towards temperaments ardent, picturesque, poignant. Nelson, the hero of heroes, was called theatrical. The "plain" was the mode, and it was even deemed to be moral. Thackeray himself made the mistake in one way with Bulwer Lytton, in quite another with Sterne, though he confessed error in the first case, and only annexed style in the second. He made the same mistake with Disraeli, the most original and creative of the "colour" school, who through imagination, vision, and atmosphere, proved at once an artist and a prophet. In many respects Disraeli and Bulwer were akin, and they were bound together not only by youthful friendship but by great qualities both of mind and nature, which at that period were deemed grandiosely "un-English." This was not so always, and the "un-English" reproach was comparatively modern. The very rationalism of the eighteenth century did not ban "colour," nor believe that polished platitude or surface sentiment was virtue. Indeed, it delighted to do honour to those who, like Gainsborough, most belied it. Nor is colourlessness the feature of our own moment, when a renaissance of pageant-like personality redeems the surround of drab collectivism. But it *was* a feature of the transition just indicated. The whole tone and tendency of growing utilitarianism was (as Disraeli once put it) to expunge mountains from the landscape. That movement regarded man as nothing but an acquisitive machine; nor had it yet caught a spark of the romance inherent in science. It scoffed at romantic personalities, and preached at those who dealt with the passions. Emphasis was vulgar, psychology a flaw, and Lady Macbeth a criminal of whom Shakespeare should have been ashamed.

"God gave the soul an exterior abode," wrote Bulwer, defending dandyism in a short-lived diary of 1838, "and the very fact that there is a soul within the shell makes me think the shell not to be neglected. There is a poetry in dress. All our great ancestors who were gentlemen had something of the Beau-Aristotle as well as Alcibiades. A Greek was an exquisite for excellence. So, again, the Romans, and so the Elizabethan heroes, Raleigh, Sidney, etc. Look to their portraits! I have it in my Norman blood. The Normans were the gentlemen of the world." So, too, Disraeli had it in his Mediterranean blood, and, bearing in mind his friendship with young Bulwer, that sentence should not be forgotten in which he speaks of "Anglo-Saxon industry and Norman manners." There are some charming letters to and from Disraeli in these pages, but we could have wished for more. No allusion occurs to the famous dinner in the early 'thirties, when Bulwer and his brother both agreed that the ablest guest was the youth "in the green velvet trousers." Disraeli, I believe, repudiated that colour. But colour is the keynote to the whole. All Bulwer's defects as well as his qualities were associated with this vivid intensity. His energy both of thought and feeling —restless, unflagging, heightened above fact by the nervous power exalting it—were all parts of the "*two-pence* coloured" that so many critics of his own time would insist on valuing at a penny, and for which I cannot but regret to find his grandson half-apologising. The critics, however, are not in Westminster Abbey.

These two volumes, touching life and literature at almost every point—for Lytton knew and could realise most people worth knowing—palpitating with signal personality, distinguished, too, by a repetition of that early autobiographical sketch—alas, not prolonged—take us well out of the common world. Bulwer's whole career, spiritual, mental, physical, proved an adventure. Vitality is its essence. And it can teach without preaching. There is much that our own generation—so wise in its own conceits—might learn from this picture.

Never was boy more essentially ambitious. The third son of a gouty, imperious father, who abhorred the child, and of a wonderful, strong-willed mother—Miss Lytton, the heiress—who doted on him, he never seems to have doubted from the first that somehow he was exceptional. For a time his maternal grandfather —recluse and scholar—sheltered him, and he it was who first thrashed him. School after school took him in hand and dropped him, or he dropped *them*, with their bullies and pedagogues. What he missed (and it was much) in the lack of Eton or Harrow training he gained in the experience, though it was bitter, of variety. His earliest, his most ideal, love-affair sprang from the last of these vicissitudes—at Ealing—and it would be vain to condense in this narrow compass the idyllic charm, the romantic undertone, the living freshness, the final pathos of his own absorbing narrative.

"She was one or two years older than I," he writes. "She had the sweetest face, the gentlest temper, ever given to girlhood. The sort of love we felt for each other I cannot describe. It was so unlike the love of grown-up people; so pure that not one wrong thought ever crossed it, and yet so passionate that never again have I felt, nor ever again can I feel, any emotion comparable to the intensity of its tumultuous tenderness." Fate tore them asunder. She was forced into a marriage against which her heart rebelled, and through which her being and her sufferings ended. From her death-bed came a letter revealing all. Four years later, during a summer long vacation, he paid his pilgrimage to the spot where she died—a haunted shrine, where ". . . that wild and sorrowful romance of my boyhood, which had so influenced my youth, lay buried for evermore. And until I knelt alone and at night, beneath the stars . . . I felt that my life could never be exorcised. . . . What I suffered, in one long, solitary night, I will not say. At dawn I returned from the place as if rebaptised or reborn." That visit to the Lakes was memorable for yet another and most characteristic episode. It happened at Ambleside, where he was warned against the "Lodgings to let" which attracted him by the inn-gossips who whispered that their owner had been blood-guilty. The way in which he made the suspected man's acquaintance and won his heart, and restored

* "The Life of Edward Bulwer, First Lord Lytton." By his Grandson, the Earl of Lytton. 2 volumes. £30s. net. (Macmillan.)

his confidence, and almost thawed his reserve, is a fascinating story, recalling the travel-pictures of George Borrow. And in this connection equally fascinating is the young Bulwer's sojourn with the gipsies and sweethearting with "Minny," the belle of the tribe. I cannot help guessing that this "adventure to the adventurous" may have suggested to Disraeli his Contarini's kindred excursion and experience.

Before his teens he had composed; at seventeen he published. And this surprising productiveness in so many and such diverse directions continued from 1820 till the two posthumous works which saw the light in 1873—the year of his death—that other which appeared three years later, and the last—an unfinished drama which waited nine years more to remind the world of its author's persistence. Three of his plays still survive on the stage, and "Money" has never ceased to hold generation after generation. His "Last Days of Pompeii" not only endures as a household word, but has actually been "cinematographed." Several of his novels are prophetic both socially and scientifically, while his political prescience looms large in these pages. He it was who secured copyright for playwrights, and deprived the royal theatres of monopoly. He was a pioneer in educational reform, a keen augur of European omens. In every department—lyrical, dramatic, satirical, romantic, comic, critical, tragic, rhetorical, oratorical, occult, fantastic, tragic—he showed merit and won distinction. One of his pamphlets decided an election. As Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, in 1859, he did more than yeoman's service, and British Columbia is still indebted to his statesmanship. Rarely has so lively a spirit been so steady, one so versatile and volatile been so firm, one so fluent so solid. Both in his faults and virtues he reminds one of a son of the Renaissance.

What he portrayed he knew; whatever he undertook he handled with skill. His psychology, whether analytic or graphic, came from experience even more than from intuition. For he was a traveller physically, mentally, spiritually. One strange influence after another struck his path. Even as an undergraduate (distanced by a brilliant brother) he fell under the glamour of the earthly-ethereal Lady Caroline Lamb, who used to say that Byron owned her to be the only woman who had never bored him. The daughter of Sheridan's Egeria, she was a sprite—a water-sprite. Capricious, happy in being unhappy, a heroine both of history and of hysteria, the martyr and persecutor of a poet, the pet and puzzle of a premier, still young, still erratic, still pleading and pathetic at forty. Thus Lord Melbourne's wife flattered and favoured him. They corresponded about art, literature and themselves, and it is to be wished that one day this correspondence might appear at length. But the curtain of jealousy dropped here also, and with a tender cruelty she receded from the scene. Nothing, however, happens in vain, and later "Caro's" husband became Bulwer's political adviser.

Moreover, it was through her that he made the fatal acquaintance of his future wife. Indeed, Rosina Wheeler might have been an emanation from Lady Caroline's mind. The child of separated parents, brilliant

From a drawing by J. Hoynck Van Papendrecht.

"A clear voice was heard crying, 'Confound you! Get out of the way, can't you! Scuffling in the middle of the road.'"

One of the illustrations to "My Lady Nobody" by Maarten Maartens, which appeared serially in *The Graphic*, in 1895, and was afterwards published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

both in colouring and conversation, passionate and unrestrained, she was at once a delight and a danger. Her dual nature could have been trained and simplified by a strong-willed man of business and action, but as the companion of literary genius, impatient, self-engrossed, himself a dual combination creating two worlds of inner consciousness, she was impossible, and the more so, perhaps, since he had sacrificed everything—his mother's wish included—to atone to her for her abandonment to him. Over and over again, after some years in which she was, as he owned, an "incomparable wife," they quarrelled and were reconciled. But the smouldering fires remained until she became his tormentress and traducer, dogging his career from a distance and blighting his life and name. The duality of her nature is best shown (in a piece new to us) by a contrast between a letter of renewed and passionate affection and an extract, the same day, from her diary: "How foolish it is to let these reptiles irritate me as they do; nor would I, but that with their abominable assumption of knowledge and superiority they have the power of crushing and injuring me every moment." There was the rub. Bulwer and his mother were proud and could be patronising. He, at any rate, let her feel at times, and by turns or together they alternately seem to have hardened or softened towards her. There is some truth, too, in her taunt of "A letter from Mr. B.—overflowing with morbid sensibility." He could not brook being crossed, and he nursed his wrongs. She, on the other hand, was by birth and circumstance a militant. But in one sense she brought out the best of him, for to support her and indulge both her whims and—be it confessed—his own, he toiled incessantly, toiled till he broke down. It were vain to pursue this twice-told tale. Suffice it to say that we could have wished for more of her pungent letters, while the lack of her portrait is to be regretted.

Neither, with the brief space at command, can the long developments of his political career be followed. He was an aristocrat-Radical, a believer in progressive independence, and in social, *national* improvement; an absolute disbeliever in detached, doctrinaire, abstract democracy. He said well that the "working class" only talk so much "philosophy" as seems to suit their interest, and that they tended to "make a hell-broth of the elixir," much as if "John Stuart Mill were to be mixed up with Bradlaugh." And, again, he writes (to Lord John Russell) in words as applicable to-day as his foreseeing criticisms of "Free Trade": "They have been so impressed by their favourite orators with the belief that you must change a constitution to effect a reform, that they have neglected even to think about reforms, which the present machinery suffices to effect. They have been told so often that the storm clears the air that they look upon storms as the only purifiers of the atmosphere. . . . Give universal suffrage, and if ignorance is prevalent, what profit in the votes of a million fools? Open all harbours to your trade, and what profits to your operatives if their limbs are stunted and their frames rotted in the fierce exactions made upon their toil. . . ."

Two more characteristics must be cursorily touched. His affection for Lady Blessington was deep, unselfish, and beautiful, and she shows herself in this book as a queen of the sweetest sympathy, as well as of the court of intellect. She has been a much misjudged woman. Once more: Bulwer's expressions in casual letters are very striking: "Those dead passions which we call memory," "That grave happiness called duty," "Nero, the only Emperor the people recall," are no mean examples.

All his life he aired "the grand curiosity." As a child he once abstracted the glittering cutlass of a middy who came to dine with his grandfather—he took it away, spell-bound, hid it, denied its possession, and was duly punished. That was typical. Here we have the author of the "Strange Story," of "Haunters and the Haunted," of "Zanoni." He loved the buried treasures of mysticism, but an editor's note in this connection seems to argue some want of humour. It was said that he used to believe himself invisible, passing in his dressing-gown before his guests, and this is explained by his absent-minded abstractedness.

There were many tragedies in his life, but his final relations with his distinguished son made amends. Nothing more delightful can be imagined than the free, loving intercourse between them as portrayed in these pages. It is that between Telemachus and Ulysses. Alas! that there could be no Penelope.

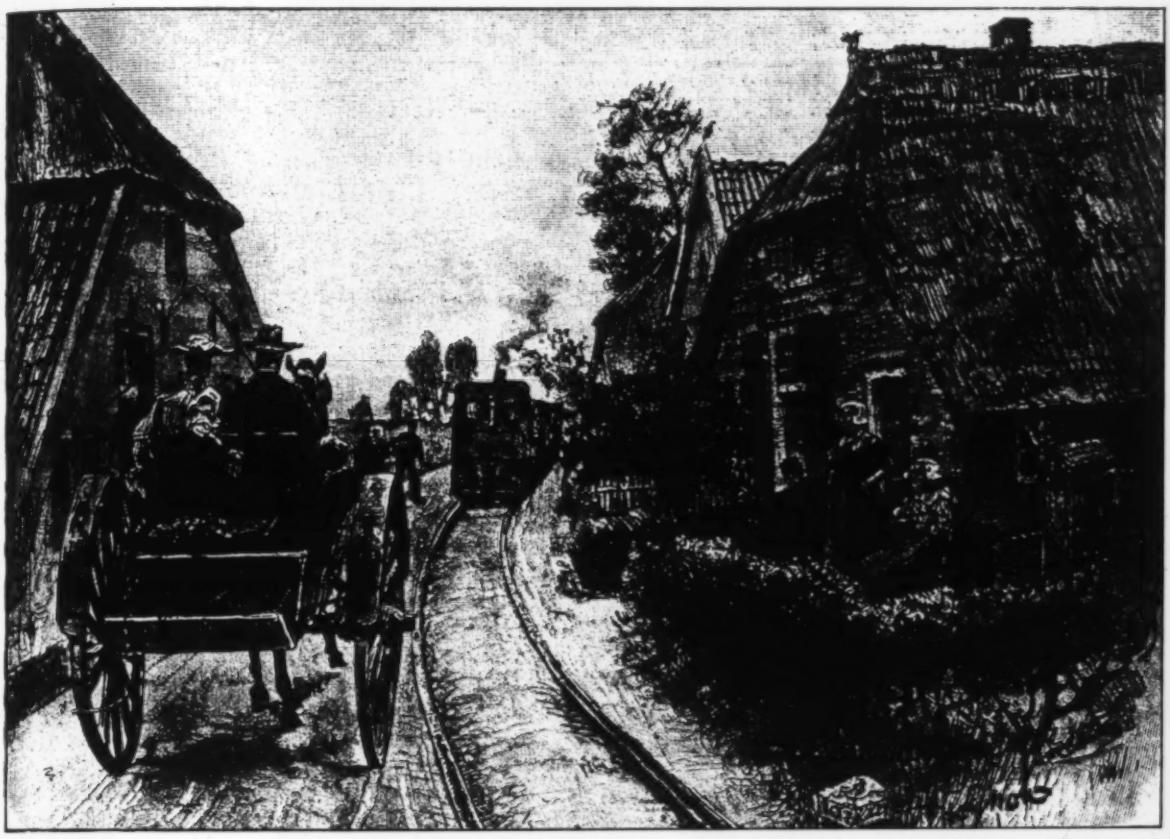
THE MID-VICTORIANS.*

By Richard Whiteing.

MR. FRANCILLON'S book helps to vindicate our Victorian Middle Age from the ignorant depreciation of the day. It may shock him to hear it, for he expressly avows a lack of sympathy with that age, and he is a studiously impenitent know-nothing in regard to its sequel in our own time. But happily he was inspired to write his memories, and he had to take his era as he found it. His book is worthy of the high position he held in our journalism and in our literature when he was in the lists.

And, in spite of him, what an age it was! In its men of science, its statesmen, soldiers, writers, travellers and what not, in its reforms, political and social, its achievements in all the arts, it will compare with any other in our long history, if it does not put them all out of the comparison. "This Gigantic Age," wrote the Venerable Reade of it in his most gigantic capitals, while a more authoritative witness, the late Alfred Russel Wallace, held that the century of which it formed the major part, taking it altogether at home and abroad, had never been equalled in human annals, not only for its inventions and practical applications of science, but for its theoretical discoveries in the same line. This too, not in a comparison between that century and any single forerunner, but between it and all the rest of them put together. Mr. Francillon should take heart, and mantle the blush as it rises to his cheek for the hour of his birth. The reign ran from 1837 to 1901—four and sixty

* "Mid-Victorian Memories." By R. E. Francillon. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton).



From a drawing by J. Hoynck Van Papendrecht.

"'The train!' exclaimed Ursula, half rising. Otto had already set his teeth tight: both knew it was too late."

From a drawing by J. Hoynck Van Papendrecht.

"'Gird up your loins,' cried the Dominie. . . . The peasant congregation . . . nodded lower under the accustomed storm."

Two of the illustrations to "My Lady Nobody," by Maarten Maartens, which was published in 1895, by Messrs. Harper & Brothers (after its serial appearance in *The Graphic*), and is now included in the Collected Edition of his works that Messrs. Constable are issuing.

years. Its first period may be said to close with the death of the Prince Consort in 1861. It had yet to do its best, though it had made a handsome contribution to the world's record of work and thought; and from 1861 to 1887, the year of the first Jubilee, it had a straight run of six and twenty years in which it flowered into its highest achievement in every branch of human effort corporate and personal. This is the mid-Victorian epoch which is supposed to give the puniest whipster that holds a pen to-day his safe chance of a sneer. Mr. Francillon was born in 1841, the year of the Queen's marriage, so he was rising twenty, as a sort of heir of all the promises, when our new Middle Age started on its career.

For all that, his good fairy marred her gifts of opportunity by endowing him with a power of not taking interest, quite phenomenal in its way. He is perhaps unique among persons of his opportunities and his standing in being able to say that he never heard a speech of Gladstone, a speech of John Bright, and even to make a boast of it in a sort of chuckling reflection that he is no great loser after all. When he does rise into the mood of elation it is at the thought that he is perhaps the sole surviving reader of the tragedies of Talfourd. His pose is the "Mid-Victorian who has not cared to move with the times," while the irony of his lot is that he has had to move all the same. It was inevitable. He had a good start—Cheltenham College with Cambridge to follow, the Bar—Gray's Inn—literature and journalism with the best equipment for both when finally he made his choice. At Cheltenham, Morley of Blackburn and "Bob" Reid, now Lord Loreburn, were among his mates. The sweet-natured Edward Lear was almost one of his home circle—Lear whose modesty made him afraid to attempt to marry because he was too ugly. The author was at Trinity Hall when Latham revived the glories of an almost moribund institution by giving it its proud day with a first Senior Wrangler, a double first, and the headship of the river. Once a year or so, it was his good fortune to "sit under" that arch Agnostic Leslie Stephen, in the pulpit as holder of one of the clerical fellowships! One of his brother undergraduates was Alfred Ainger, another "ugly little man," but with a speaking voice that went far in winning him all his subsequent honours. "Bob" Romer was one more, "no mathematical monomaniac in spectacles," but a rollicking fellow who could pull an oar, wield a bat, and sing a song with the best of them. Bryan Walker, high among the Wranglers of whom Romer was senior, was of the spectacled variety. When the strain of his success had begun to tell he received his peremptory order to rest. "'Doctor,' he sadly answered, 'I can't: I don't know how.' And then he died."

Mr. Francillon was soon well on with his first story, characteristically without "any excitement or any artistic glow," and when he sent it in to "Blackwood" it was "in cold, nay frozen, certainty of its return." It was accepted at once—what a bitter disappointment! This was the beginning of a long connection with a great house, and of an intimacy with one of the greatest publishers of the time. His master was the John Blackwood of the line, the one who made the historic refusal of "Romola," and whose judgment was vindicated by the event. He knew, he knew, he knew. The young author was now a star-gazer of the Victorian system, with its great planets Carlyle, Newman, Ruskin, Maurice, Darwin, and its asteroids by the dozen, Leland, Jeaffreson, "Joaquin" Miller, Minto, McCarthy, Buchanan, Mathilde Blind, to mention but a handful. He knew the Marstons, and was of the congregation of their Sunday services of literature and strong waters. Here he met Oliver Madox Brown, the precocious genius who, he says, was a mature poet at fourteen, wrote a powerful story at sixteen, and would have finished another but for his death, still two years short of his majority. Louise Chandler Moulton, Mrs. Lynn Linton, Mrs. Craik, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, were also of the company, with that greater one Algernon Charles Swinburne, before he had undergone the miraculous conversion from old-fashioned conviviality to the habit of moderation that was almost the death of his muse. He met William Sharp, and frankly confesses his mistake in denying all possibility of that writer's identity with Fiona Macleod. He knew Dr. Garnett, Keeper of the Printed Books in the British Museum, and astrologer. Francillon was himself a smatterer in that line, or perhaps more, for he foretold, in strict confidence to a friend, the destined year and month of Philip Marston's death, and this a couple of years before the event, when the subject of his prediction was in perfect health.

His cult of the White Rose has its modest place in the volume. "I also," he says, "called myself a Jacobite from a very early age," after "Waverley," "Old Mortality," "Red Gauntlet" and "Rob Roy" had fallen into his hands. What was then but a freak of boyish fancy became a political creed in later years, when a Lord Ashburnham proposed to celebrate "the hundredth anniversary of the death of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, called by some the Young Pretender and by others King Charles the Third," by a solemn mass for the repose of the Prince's soul. The mass was prohibited, and we are left at no loss for a reason why: "Manning was a Whig." Our author now went into the matter seriously, and with what result we all know. The White Rose Society soon had his historic conscience in its keeping, with its principle that "All Authority has a divine sanction, and the Sovereign power does not exist merely by the will of the People or the consent of the governed," and the deduction that "The murder of King Charles the First and the Revolution of 1688 were national crimes."

The thing caught on, and by or before the time when Irving brought out Wills's Charles the First, "Stuarts was hup" all along the line—to quote an honest trader of Mr. Francillon's acquaintance who was turning his penny by the boom. It was almost "we are all Jacobites now." Lang was a well wisher, Whistler was actually a member of the Order. So, alas, was the egregious Howell, half English, half Portugee, and wholly, in his moral constitution, a joke in creative energy worthy of the Omarian Potter in his most sardonic mood. He seems at last to have got his hand in the till of the fraternity, or something as bad, for he had to be investigated. But he turned it all into such exquisite pleasantry that they were fain to let him off. He need have been at no loss for illustrious examples. Considering the freedom with which the Anointed have dispossessed one another of divinely appointed power, and even goods, and life from the beginning of time, it is rather

hard to demand such extreme self-denial in emergencies on the part of their subjects. But there, what *does* it matter? Certain thoughts and theories are as certain works of art, whose sole and sufficient justification is their fancy and their grace. Enough to say that Mr. Francillon has, so to speak, left his retreat to give us another delightful book. It seems strange to find him revealing himself with this fullness in print, when one remembers him as the silent man of the social circle, the Mr. Spectator *redivivus* of that earlier great period of our literature in which he found his most cherished ideals.

New Books.

THE ELDEST MUSE.*

I believe there are people with minds so narrowly ordered that they cannot abide a volume such as this, in which an essay on the writing of history is followed by one on the delights of walking, and a consideration of George Meredith followed by a skit on classical education. I do not envy such persons their disciplined fastidiousness, and I, as the most shamelessly general of general readers, welcome Mr. Trevelyan's wide range of subject and easy felicity of treatment. In these very learned times when knowledge congeals into innumerable specialised and extremely tough monographs, we cannot profess, as Bacon did, to take all knowledge for our province; but none the less, we ordinary people can indicate, by a decent, human diversity of interest, that our ordinariness is of the best possible quality. It is not good to live in the wide world with a cloistered mind.

To this faculty of healthy general interest such a volume as the present addresses itself; and thanks to Mr. Trevelyan's happy gift of prose, the address is most ingratiating. He has a style of distinct flavour, and he employs it very cunningly, sometimes, in innocent utterances that mean much more than they say. Thus, the first piece, "Clio, a Muse," is apparently no more than a very agreeable chat about the writing of history; but behind the dulcet manner there is a very clear and definite purpose. It is a manifesto, challenging, critical and combative, but its voice is the voice of an eirenicon. Mr. Trevelyan's thesis, roughly, is that Clio the Muse of History is, precisely, a Muse. In other words, history is a mode of literature; and if it does not succeeed in being good literature it is, so far, bad history. The pursuit of fact, of relevant and illuminative fact, is strictly incumbent upon all who profess and call themselves historians; but fact is only the material of history, and is no more the matter of history than a murder trial is "The Ring and the Book." The fierce crusade of Sir John Seeley and his kind against history as literature, was certainly good in so far as it laid stress upon evidence in the police-court sense; it was certainly bad in so far as it went no further. History begins with a document; but it ends with an interpretation. In Mr. Trevelyan's words, history is "the exposition of facts and opinions in their full emotional and intellectual value to a wide public by the difficult art of literature." Mr. Trevelyan lays stress (and very rightly) upon the emotional and intellectual quality of good history; I, being "no scolard," but just one of the reading public, should like to lay stress upon the general broadness of its appeal; for one of the worst results of the alleged scientific treatment of history was the complete and intentional alienation of public interest. The past was claimed and staked out by imperfectly Teutonized specialists; and minatory notices were stuck up all over what was once a public common. The effect was desolation—not to say the abomination thereof. History, was no longer written by gentlemen for gentlemen, but by the desiccated for the desiccescent. The new historians made a virtue of necessity. Few of them could write well, and so they taught that good writing was a defect in history. The implication was that they could, if they wished, turn their material into really thrilling literature, but that they refrained in the interests of science. They disdained the public, and they had their reward: nobody read them. The desiccated took in one another's washing, and the only history left for the general public was (and is) the refuse of court intrigue duly served up by enterprising publishers in volumes of polite pornography—"Queens Who Took the Wrong Turning," and all that sort of thing. Our fathers knew better. They rejoiced, as we can still rejoice, in historians who were masters of narrative as well as masters of fact. And this is as it should be. Every history tells a story, and appeals to the primal interest of mankind in stories. Clio is not only a Muse, but the eldest of the Muses.

I have dwelt upon the subject of Mr. Trevelyan's first essay because I take for granted that all intelligent persons are interested in the story of their own country, and of the countries that influence it. If the historians forbid our interest—well, we must change our historians. Why is Carlyle's "French Revolution" one of the most obstinately popular of historical works? Quite simply, because the Revolution was an earth-shaking event, and Carlyle gives you first of all the earth-shaking effect. That is the big truth of the matter, and without it, the little truths are little more than falsehoods.

Mr. Trevelyan's essay is, as I have said, a pronouncement as pleasantly readable as it is seriously important. Another fine paper of literary and historical interest is one entitled "Poetry and Rebellion," which takes the six great poets of the Revolution period—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Byron and Scott—and sets them very clearly in the social and political circumstances of their times. To see them thus is to understand them far better. You may appreciate the poems without history; the poets you cannot. Why, for instance, did Byron become such a name of power throughout Europe? No merely literary criticism babbling of Romance fully explains him or his effect. You must glance at the England and Europe of his time to understand the shock of his influence. Mr. Trevelyan's essay—a model of brief, telling narrative—gives you all you need immediately know, and is, so far, very welcome. It is welcome, too, for another reason. Mr. Hewlett's "Bendish" has been taken too literally as a portrait of Byron, an effect which I am sure that Mr. Hewlett, a man whose heart is socially in the right place, did not intend. "Bendish" is some of Byron; but it is not all Byron. It is not the Byron who died at Missolonghi; it is not the Byron who, as Mr. Trevelyan shows him in the excellent paper on what might have happened if Napoleon had won the Battle of Waterloo, was capable of provoking an English revolt, and suffering death as a rebel.

Mr. Trevelyan's volume contains other pieces to which I can refer now merely with scandalous brevity. The essay on Walking, and another on some little-known stretches of Northumberland Border country take us out into the freshening breezes and leave us with an appetite for the keen, strong prose of Meredith about which he writes so justly. Altogether, a hearty, cheerful volume, full of style—and a man.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* "Clio, a Muse, and other Essays." By George Macaulay Trevelyan. 4s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

FROM THE PORCH.*

It is always a pleasure to receive a new book from the pen of Lady Ritchie. We know, even before opening it, that it will be interesting and charming and well written. "Charming discourses whose chief characteristics are their benign quality, their gentle criticism, and their grace of expression," so runs the publishers' advertisement of "From the Porch," and the advertisement, as a matter of fact, does no more than justice to the author. The contents of this volume of essays are classified as "Divagations," "Monographs," and "Reminiscences," but there is, happily, a something of reminiscence in them all. "A Discourse on Modern Sibyls" opens the procession of these agreeable papers, and in it we read of George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell, Charlotte Brontë, and Mrs. Oliphant. Mrs. Oliphant is, I suppose, little read nowadays, if we except the Carlingford series, and Lady Ritchie suggests at least one reason for this:

"Mrs. Oliphant has herself criticised her own work—she might have done better, she says, if she had written much less, and reached a higher level. Fancy was hers, indeed, intuitive grasp of circumstance: only the very bountifulness of her gift was her temptation. 'Was it love of Mammon,' she asks, 'which impelled me to write on, or love of my children?' Would the praise of the critics have been worth the daily happiness of all those who depended on her toil for their gaiety and superfluity, those for whom she so gladly slaved, morning, noon, and night. She used to sit up at her writing after everyone was gone to bed, and rise again on dark winter mornings to see her boys off to their early school. At times she was weary, but again and again she was able to resume her task with renewed interest. Too often she wrote by her son's sick-bed, in apprehension and unspeakable terror."

There is an admirable criticism of Charlotte Brontë, that is well worth quoting:

"We have no need to be taught to admire her. She was a Sibyl, indeed, with oracles at her command. She flashed her inspirations upon her readers, and all through the sadness of her life and her surroundings one realises the passionate love which pervaded it, both for the people who belonged to her, and the places and things to which she belonged. She was a poet. She owned, as only poets can own, the world all around her. The freehold of the fells and the moors was hers, and of the great Yorkshire vault overhead; and, above all, that eager heart was hers, throbbing in the frail little body."

With equal charm, Lady Ritchie, who has already elsewhere written of "Cranford," alludes to that book:

"'Cranford' is no heroic school of life, no scene of passion; it is daily bread, it is merry kindness. It proves the value of little things; it is the grain of mustard seed; it reveals the mighty secret of kindness allied to gentle fun. Parson Primrose would have been at home there, so would Sir Roger de Coverley and Colonel Newcome. There should be a proposal to give the freedom of the city to certain favoured heroes and heroines—we might each select them for ourselves."

In other essays we read of Sainte Jeanne Françoise de Chantal, of Miss Seward, of Morland at Freshwater Bay, of Alfred Stevens, of "Mabys," and of "A Dream of Kensington Gardens." Two papers, "Charles Dickens as I remember him" and "Concerning the Founding of the 'Cornhill Magazine,'" bring us in touch with the two greatest novelists of the last century. Lady Ritchie's account of Dickens's last London reading, at St. James's Hall, shall bring this notice to a conclusion:

"We sat in the front, a little to the right of the platform; the great Hall was somewhat dimly lighted, considering the crowds assembled there. The slight figure (so he appeared to me) stood alone quietly facing the long rows of people. He seemed holding the great audience in some mysterious way from the empty stage. Quite immediately the story began: Copperfield and Steerforth, Yarmouth and the fishermen and Peggotty, and then the rising storm, all was there before us. . . . It was not acting, it was not music, nor harmony of sound and colour, and yet I still have an impression of all these things as I think of that occasion. The lights shone from the fisherman's home; then, after laughter, terror fell, the storm rose; finally, we were all breathlessly watching from the shore, and (this I remember most vividly of all) a great wave seemed to fall splashing on to the platform from overhead, carrying away everything before it, and the boat and the figure of Steerforth in his red sailor's cap fighting for his life by the mast. Some one called out; was it Mr. Dickens himself who threw up his arm? . . . It was all over, we were half-laughing, half-crying, with excitement."

LEWIS MELVILLE

* "From the Porch." By Lady Ritchie. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Lady Thackeray Ritchie.
After the painting by G. F. Watts (1864-5).

SHAKESPEARE AS A PLAYWRIGHT.*

In "Shakespeare as a Playwright," Mr. Brander Matthews has made a contribution to Shakespearean scholarship, which, in critical acumen, may be said to hold a position midway between the amiable garrulity of Mr. Canning and the facile eloquence of Mr. Stopford Brooke. Mr. Matthews discusses the technique of the plays, Shakespeare's Theatre, Shakespeare as player, Shakespeare and his audience, and Shakespeare's actors in a thoroughly sound and sensible fashion; but there is nothing individual in his point of view, nothing penetrating or arresting in his criticism, he has nothing really fresh to say on the subject on which he has chosen to discourse. On the other hand, seeking perhaps to emulate Mr. Shaw's attempts to drag the Stratford idol from his pedestal, Mr. Matthews throughout his book seeks—with rather unfortunate results—to make out a case against Shakespeare as "typically Elizabethan" in his insensibility and indelicacy. Because Shakespeare botched up that old lust and revenge melodrama, "Titus Andronicus," Mr. Matthews has the hardihood to ask us "always to keep in mind that Shakespeare himself was an Elizabethan, with the stout nerves and the insensibility to pain which seem to be characteristic of these spacious days." A strange heresy, is it not? "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat." Sardou, according to this reckoning, must have had a monstrous insensibility to pain, since he exploited physical and mental suffering so often in his plays, in "La Tosca," in "Fédora," in "Theodora," etc. As a matter of fact, if the sonnets and the plays may be held to throw any light at all on the character of Shakespeare they go to prove that, far from

* "Shakespeare as a Playwright." By Brander Matthews. 15s. net. (Longmans).

being insensible, he was a man of most mobile and sensitive nature. Again, speaking of the Falstaff of "The Merry Wives," Mr. Matthews says:

"Beatings and buck-baskets full of foul linen are not fit punishment for the fat knight. . . . It has been suggested . . . that in the physical misadventures of Falstaff we can perceive a survival of the earlier communal humour, when the laughter of the tribe was most easily aroused by actual suffering, and when even torture was accepted as mirth-provoking. The Elizabethan playgoer had nerves which were not enfeebled by sympathy for man or beast. Here once more we are compelled to confess that Shakspere . . . is often semi-mediæval in his attitude."

Here's much ado about nothing, surely! A lecherous old reprobate who plots to seduce two worthy matrons gets well cudgelled, and is made a fool of—and Mr. Matthews almost weeps in his sympathy for the old scoundrel, and describes the punishment meted out to him as "semi-mediæval." Yet again, discussing "The Merchant of Venice," Mr. Matthews asserts:

"To the Elizabethans, strange as this may seen to us, madness was often comic, and so was rage, which is a less intense madness. . . . When Shylock appears, wrought up to a pitch of frenzy, he moved the contemporary playgoers to ribald mirth. That this was Shakspere's intent will seem indisputable to all who remember Marlowe's 'Jew of Malta,' and who can put themselves back into the Elizabethan attitude towards Jews and usury?"

Surely these are contentions most unwarrantable! Does Lear, Leontes or Othello move to mirth? Surely not. Can a few unconsciously humorous lines in Shylock's scene with Tubal convert the Jew into a comic character? The idea—it was Andrew Lang's idea also—is ridiculous; no audience out of Bedlam could ever have taken Shylock for anything but a pathetic character. Moreover, the mere fact that Marlowe happened to draw a Jew who was almost comic in the thoroughness and industry of his villainy cannot be held to afford the slightest justification for regarding Shylock as a rôle conceived on similar lines. In making the final count of this indictment of Shakespeare for "insensibility," Mr. Matthews shows himself quite gloriously absurd:

"Of course," he says, speaking of the humour of "Twelfth Night," "Shakspere has not ceased to be an Elizabethan; and the belief in Malvolio's insanity is treated in accord with the Elizabethan acceptance of madness as comic in itself."

For sheer obtuseness and confusion of thought this deliverance is hard to beat. After all, Olivia is the only person in the play who *believes* in the insanity of Malvolio. When he is locked up and Sir Toby, Maria, and the Clown, come to make fun of him, they are only pretending he is mad, and are mocking him, not because he has lost his wits, but because he has consistently shown himself eaten up by self-love and pomposity. The whole point of the situation lies in the fact that Malvolio and his tormentors all know that he is perfectly sane. In urging the case of Shakespeare's "indelicacy," the American critic is, of course, on firmer ground than he occupies in pressing the charge of "insensibility." It cannot be seriously denied—however one may dislike the language in which the accusation is formulated—that:

"Shakspere now and again lowers himself to regale the dirty-minded with innuendos that they could roll under their tongues,"

Mr. Matthews, however, ought, as a matter of candour, to have softened this indictment by pointing out how, on many occasions, these so-called sops to "the dirty-minded" help to heighten the dramatic situation. The coarseness of Capulet's servants, of Mercutio, and of the Nurse, serve very ingeniously by contrast to set off the flame-like purity of Juliet's love. Similarly, the murky scenes of "Measure for Measure"—those minor variations on the central theme of sexual incontinence to which Mistress Overdone, Pompey and Lucio contribute—are dexterously planned to render Isabella more and more "a thing ensky'd and sainted." While—according to the same convention—the rather brutal pleasantries in which Hamlet indulges in his interviews with Rosencrantz and Guildenstein, and in his talk with Ophelia in the Play Scene are intended to mark—as they do most forcibly mark—the mental strain and nervous tension in which the Prince is held.

W. A. L. B.

THE LAND OF PROBLEMS.*

There must be some strange fascination about South Africa; otherwise, it would be quite impossible for the public to stand so many books on the subject. Actually, the sub-continent is a vast desert with a few semi-fertile patches and several rich mining districts, supporting, with difficulty, a scattered population, very small in point of numbers, compared with the area, and consisting mainly of savages. Yet every season sees a flood of works on the country.

These books certainly exceed in number, and in circulation, those on India; although India is, and always will be, the Prize of the World, the most interesting portion of the world. Hong Kong and Singapore, each of these ports is of infinitely greater importance to us than the whole of the southern sub-continents and still we have no books, or very few books, concerning them.

There must be this curious public demand, otherwise the supply would have fallen off, long since. But it is difficult to see why the Bad Debt of the Empire should continue to be interesting. We waged the most expensive, and most tedious, war in our history there. Our bill, in terms of pounds sterling, was enormous, even though, after three years, we had only lost, from all causes, about one quarter of the number of men General Nogi sacrificed in the assaults on the one fortress of Port Arthur.

Theoretically, we ought to be weary of the very name of the country. Not only shall we never recover the money we have spent on it; but, in my view, we have handed all the spoils back to the vanquished, and are allowing the latter to trample on us. Really, none but a latter-day Cervantes could deal properly with the situation.

This, however, is not the view of Miss Markham. She takes it all very seriously—and, being serious, she has written an admirable book, a book well worth reading, even though at times it becomes a little heavy. To her, South Africa is immensely important, and she lacks wholly the Cervantes spirit. She never sees us as the Don Quixote amongst nations. She has collected her facts industriously; she has tried, very hard, to hold the balance even, to judge impartially—no easy task for one who goes to a country as a visitor, after a long absence. Her sympathies are avowedly with the new regime, that Union Government which is anathema to all who believed in the Imperial ideal; but she certainly makes the best of her case.

Miss Markham is a great admirer of Cecil Rhodes, even whilst she approves of Mr. Schreiner and Mr. Merriman. So far as the latter two are concerned, they may be forgotten; but with regard to Cecil Rhodes it is different. At present he has a newspaper reputation. A generation hence, men will begin to appraise him from a historical point of view; and the final judgment may be very different from the summing-up of to-day. Miss Markham is a partisan, obviously—it is impossible to accuse her of ignorance of historical facts—for nowhere does she mention the greatest man who ever set foot in South Africa, the Scotch missionary, John Mackenzie, the Imperialist who prevented Central and South Central Africa from passing into the hands of Germany, the hero who raised at Vryburg that Union Jack which Cecil Rhodes afterwards hauled down. Even to-day, though John Mackenzie has been in his grave for over a decade, you cannot write a satisfactory book on South Africa and ignore him. In so many ways he was the determining factor, and his mighty spirit seems still to watch over the country north of Kimberley, his country. Rhodes had the money during his life, and the glory after his death, yet to John Mackenzie must ever be

* "The South African Scene." By V. R. Markham. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

conceded the greatest thing of all—the honour. Nothing can be more futile than to try and dogmatise about modern South Africa and leave out John Mackenzie.

Miss Markham's book is most readable, despite the terribly long paragraphs, and the general suggestion of superiority. She is a Liberal, and yet she admits the very sincere detestation in which the Liberal Party is held by the home-born element in South Africa; she is an admirer of the Liberal policy of Union, yet she recognises that South Africa is still in the melting pot, that a new Act of Parliament, passed by a British House of Commons which knew nothing of the local conditions, was not a certain cure for a blood feud between Boer and Briton. She is very hopeful none the less, perhaps because, according to her own showing, she has seen the new South Africa merely as a visitor.

She is sane all through, as sane as an avowed partisan can be. Probably, no one who approved of the granting of self-government to the conquered territories, and the restoration of self-government to the Cape Colony, could have written a more fair and unprejudiced book. She tackles the native question, the greatest of all South African problems, in the same spirit. Possibly, many of those who know the native far more intimately than she does will object to her conclusions; but they will not venture to question her sincerity.

With regard to Rhodesia, Miss Markham is, however, on dangerous ground. It would be interesting to know how many Rhodesians, Rhodesians of British birth and sympathies, would endorse her remarks concerning the present Administrator, Sir W. Milton; also to know how many men of that class would agree with what is, apparently, her conclusion—that the wholly-British colony of the North ought ultimately to be handed over to the Boer Union Government.

Cecil Rhodes did not mean Rhodesia to be British, in the Imperial sense. Mackenzie forced his hand, and the Flag lowered at Vryburg had to be raised at Port Salisbury. But the Rhodesian Civil Service was packed with Afrikanders—therein you have the explanation of much of the ill-success which has attended the Chartered Company—and in all things he attempted to make the country which bore his name into a mere annexe of the Cape Colony, the country of his adoption.

It is all in a state of hopeless uncertainty, that land of kopje and desert between Cape Agulhas and the Zambesi. Miss Markham tries to foretell its future, as many another has done; but whilst her prophecies may interest us, they fail to convince. Everything remains on the knees of the gods. Will the great Native War come first, or will it be preceded by the third Boer War?

And is it all worth while?

STANLEY PORTAL HYATT.

"WE ARE SEVEN."*

The test of the true book-lover is his love of uncut books. The man who feels no thrill of anticipatory delight as he takes up his paper-knife to prise open the pages of a new volume is lacking in the finer literary senses. The man who prefers the cut book to the uncut book has not the root of the matter in him. But the man who, reading a book that appears to be cut, comes suddenly upon an uncut page: that man is something more or less than human if he does not revile the publisher or the bookbinder, or whoever else is responsible, for such an outrage. For, look you, the uncut page, artfully hidden away among a hundred cut pages, always makes its appearance at the most inopportune moment possible: when one is reading in bed or in some fast-moving vehicle, reading as one walks along or lies ensconced in the best and oldest armchair before a leaping, roaring fire, far from all such practicalities as paper-knives, or even such useful makeshifts as a good stout postcard. There is nothing for it then but that the little finger should come into play, and so the book remains for ever afterward—a horror. No; let us have either cut or uncut, and no miserable hybrid. There were two such hybrids among these seven books under review, and if I do not name them it is only to heap coals of fire upon the heads of the villains responsible.

A less conscientious person than the present writer might have been prejudiced against those two offensive books; but justice demands that they should be treated as fairly as the others, especially as the fault was not their authors'.

Indeed all these seven books are amazingly free from any faults, even faults of a more recondite kind. They are, each and all, such fine pieces of craftsmanship that it is difficult to award the crown of excellence to any one of them. Which is not to say, however, that any one of them is a great book. Great books are like the plums in the boarding-house pudding: few and far between. As a rule, one is grateful if the rest is not all stodge. And I am very grateful.

My debt of gratitude to the author of "Simple Simon," to begin with, increases yearly. I see that in my review of his new book I said that I had exhausted my superlatives on Mr. Neil Lyons long ago, that he was without question or cavil the supreme English humorist, and that his people were not merely lifelike, but alive. And that precisely is how the matter still stands in my estimation. But in his new book he gives us something different from his previous books. The same humour is there, the same feeling for character and beauty, the same breadth of outlook, and keenness and depth of perception. All this, and yet something more. "Simple Simon" is a novel with a purpose; a book whose obvious aim is to exalt the wisdom of the heart above the unwisdom of the head. The hero is a delightful person, and as rare as delightful in that he see things with his own eyes, instead of with other people's opinions. He reminds one of that pestiferous person who pestered the Circumlocution Office, and said that he wanted to know, you know. And he is not to be put off with shibboleths. So he meets with adventures, and incidentally with some of the most amusing folk it has been my lot to encounter in or out of the pages of a novel. And it is all good fun, when it isn't something else as good. It is all good, anyway.

To say that Mr. Frank Harris's new book is also good, is merely to say that it is by Mr. Frank Harris. Among modern writers, the author of "Great Days" stands alone, and too little regarded, as a man of the world—in the best sense of that phrase. His popularity is far from being equal to his deserts; but there is a reason for that. He is versatile, and, above all things, the British public abhors and detests versatility. They are like the small boy who says to his funny uncle: "Do it again! Do it again!" They want the same thing, or, at any rate, the same kind of thing, from the same person, for ever and for ever. And Mr. Frank Harris declines to go on doing the same thing indefinitely. No two books of his are alike; no two short stories of his are alike. His latest novel is as unlike his only other full-length novel, "The Bomb," as two books from the same hand could be. It is a yarn of the earlier Napoleonic period, a rattling yarn, salt of the sea, a roaring, rantin', rousing yarn of British sailors laying-to their foes, and beating 'em out of the water, one down, t'other come on. There is something epical in the range and pace of the story, in its careless splendour of style, its prodigality of incident and character. There is enough material recklessly squandered on this book to set up an average writer of romance in business for life. But "Great Days" is something more than an historical romance. There is a fine co-ordinate philosophy expressed in its breathless review of great men and great doings. If only Mr. Frank Harris would give us some more "Great Days"

* "Simple Simon." By A. Neil Lyons. 6s. (John Lane.)—"Great Days." By Frank Harris. 6s. (John Lane.)—"Hands Up." By Frederick Niven. 6s. (Secker.)—"In Action." By F. Britten Austin. 2s. net. (Nelson.)—"Loot." By Horace Annesley Vachell. 6s. (Murray.)—"The Ring of Necessity." By Mrs. Steuart Erskine. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)—"Van Cleve." By Mary S. Watts. 6s. (Macmillan.)

like this one could predict a vast popularity for him in the near future. And then there would be an end of him. But, fortunately, he is an artist, and knows that repetition is the death of inspiration.

"Hands Up" is also a spacious sort of book, a book of the open air and open-air men; full of hard knocks and hard tack, and yet, somehow, imbued with a dream-like quality: that quality which one usually associates with the Celtic temperament. Mr. Frederick Niven is new to me, and so I have a difficulty—not being well versed in him—in explaining just how this queer sort of rambling, shambling story of his affects me. To begin with, the book contains no vestige of any love interest, although it is through a girl that the hero leaves England for the Far West—where the action of the story takes place. And there is plenty of action. We are shown the wild, picturesque life of a way back settlement, the wild, picturesque ways of cow-punchers, and all that kind of rather hackneyed thing. And the central figure in the book is a hold-up man, a train robber—known as the Apache Kid—which again seems hackneyed enough. And yet, somehow, there is nothing in the least jejune about this book, nothing banal. And I think the reason of this lies in just that dream-like quality I have mentioned. The reader feels that these otherwise hackneyed characters and incidents and scenes have been, for the first time, viewed by a man with a temperament, a dreamer and thinker; a man who, but for the chances of life, would have found his appointed niche in the world of art, rather than in any world of adventure. Which is not to say that the book lacks vigour, or the right nervous grip of elementals. It is all that a book of this kind should be—and, alas! so seldom is. It should appeal alike to those who prefer their romance raw, and those who prefer a bloom on it. It will appeal to the simple-minded because it is full of thrills, and to the subtle-minded because of that glamorous quality—that dream-like quality already referred to—in which it is steeped. "Hands Up" is not a great book—it is the least craftsmanlike book of these seven—and yet it has a flavour of its own that makes it memorable. It also contains some utterly shameless digressions, wildly out of place in a book of this kind, but so good in themselves that I have made a special note of them, in order to read them again undisturbed by the context.

The next book on my list is one that screams aloud for comparative criticism. But comparative criticism is the last resource of the incompetent. To say that any book resembles, but is better or worse, than some other book by someone else—that kind of thing is of the nursery. So I will not couple Mr. Britten Austin's name with the name of any other writer of war stories and sketches. Because, if Mr. Austin subscribes to a press-cutting agency, he will read that name so often during the next few weeks that he will loathe the very sight and sound of it. It is enough to say that "In Action" compares very favourably with any other collection of similar studies. That the author knows his subject is manifest in every line of the book. And he has imagination, he has a good graphic style, he can create an atmosphere—as in "The Trap"—and, above all, he knows just when to leave off piling horror on horror's head without spoiling his picture. In the impressionist school of fiction he should do notable work.

In a very different genre is Mr. Vachell's new collection of stories, "Loot." It is without any intention of belittling their merits that one would describe them as of the magazine magaziny. It is a pity our popular periodicals do not contain more stories of this excellent kind. One knew that Mr. Vachell was a travelled man, a man who has done and seen many unusual things, who, moreover, knows how to describe them; but one had not suspected him of so much humour. It is not humour of the robustious kind, nor a humour of style or point of view; rather is it the humour of idea and character and atmosphere, comedy humour, good humour.

"The Ring of Necessity" is chiefly remarkable for its study of a mid-Victorian old maid, which will be instantly recognisable by everyone as essentially true to type. Anything better in the way of character-drawing than this depiction of Miss Massingberd I have not come across for many a long day. It is, indeed, a charming study, charmingly rendered. And yet, if Miss Massingberd had been left out of the book, enough would remain to make this a novel of exquisite quality. For there is not a dummy in the story. All the people are alive. And not the least alive is Charles Dickens, who, being dead, yet speaketh again in its pages through the mouth of Mrs. Steuart Erskine. And I don't mean to imply that the book betrays any undue Dickens influence, but merely that Dickens's ghost haunts it as his ghost seems to haunt the memory of all who ever met him. For the rest, Mrs. Erskine has humour and insight, a real gift of narrative, and—that most rare talent in a woman writer—style.

Remains Mrs. Watts's "Van Cleve," which has been a great success in America, and is, indeed, a typical American success; a sound rather than a brilliant novel, racy in diction, humorous, excelling in character-drawing, shrewd and kindly in tone. There is little or no plot, as befits a novel of manners. Such incident as it does contain is reminiscent, and crops out mainly in talk about the American-Spanish War. Big American successes are so seldom successful on a big scale over here, that one hesitates to predict a wide popularity for "Van Cleve." But it deserves a wide popularity.

EDWIN PUGH.

A MUSICIAN FROM ABROAD.*

"The worst that anybody ever said of Mr. Ganz," wrote *The Pall Mall Gazette*, on the occasion of Mr. Wilhelm Ganz's golden wedding celebration, "was that he was a German adverb of emphasis." A German by birth he is. But the history of music in England from Tudor times right down to the beginning of the present century is very largely the history of imported merchandise, purveyed by foreign talent. England's welcome for the musician from abroad long ago became a tradition. Following this tradition, Adolf Ganz, director of the opera at Mainz, on the Rhine, came to London in 1848 with his son Wilhelm, then a boy of fourteen. It is that boy who, having been for more than fifty years a naturalised Englishman, and

* "Memories of a Musician." By Wilhelm Ganz. 12s. net. (Murray.)

Adelina Patti in "La Traviata." 1859.

From "Memories of a Musician," by W. Ganz (Murray).

having recently completed his eightieth year, now permits us to glance with him into the mirror of his life. To the mere man of thirty, early Victorian days seem "high and far-off times." These memoirs extend back to the period when opera was sung, always in Italian, at two houses in London—Covent Garden and Her Majesty's Theatre; when apart from the opera there was little or none of the organised effort in music-making so characteristic of to-day, when the customary means of getting about town was the ancient omnibus, when men wore beards, and the nobility were earnest patrons of the poor (if talented) musician. One of the last of the type, as the author notes, was the Earl of Dudley, who died in 1880.

There is a quality in autobiography which, quite apart from what is termed literary style, inevitably reveals the characteristics of its subject. It is a singularly equable, amiable nature, proud but not provocative, critical and at the same time genial, which we here divine. Almost every lady singer whom he mentions—and he has known them all, teaching and coaching them for opera—is complimented for her charm of appearance or manner, apart from her musical abilities.

Mr. Ganz early became a favourite in the highest circles, and the stories he can (and does) tell are countless in number. He recalls playing accompaniments for his life-long friend, Madame Adelina Patti, when she sang before Queen Victoria in 1894 at Windsor, and says the singer moved her Majesty to tears with "Home, Sweet Home." King Edward—then Prince of Wales—was once at a concert directed by Mr. Ganz, for the Countess of Warwick, at Warwick Castle, at which Madame Clara Butt sang. When it was over the Prince said to him: "Mr. Ganz, Miss Clara Butt is ready to take you under her mantle when you go away." The comparison of their statures was no doubt provocative.

But it is of and to musicians themselves that Mr. Ganz has the most interesting things to say. The man who saw practically the whole progress of Ella's Musical Union, started in 1845 and carried on, after its opening in 1858, in the old St. James's Hall (now demolished); who has given an annual concert in London ever since 1855; who carried on the New Philharmonic Society orchestral concerts at a time when such music was scarce in London; who introduced Saint-Saens and Melba, to name but two artists taken at random, to Londoners, necessarily has a rich store of opinions and anecdotes. A careful man, he has kept notes of them. He says of Verdi that on one occasion he was found to be living in one room of his house in Italy, the others being filled with several dozen piano-organs, which the composer had hired rather than hear them murdering his tunes.

With the best will in the world one cannot in this short space pick out all the plums; one may, however, end by quoting the neat dictum of a learned judge at one of the great Lord Chief Justice Cockburn's musical parties arranged by Mr. Ganz: "I had rather hear Offenbach than Bach often."

H. F.

BEARDSLEY WITH A DIFFERENCE.*

After reading Mr. Robert Ross's "Note of Exclamation," which, contrary to the usage of punctuation, precedes the volume of illustrations by the artist who chooses to be known as Alastair, I feel bound to refer to Aubrey Beardsley at the very outset of this article. We are informed in the above-named preface that Alastair "is probably wearied of being compared with the great draughtsman whose genius has wielded such an extraordinary influence on the Continent." Doubtless that is as true as the cause of the weariness is inevitable, for if Mr. Ross has succeeded in keeping the name of Beardsley out of his introduction to the illustrations of Alastair, Alastair has not been so successful. It may be unnecessary to discover the fact for those who have the drawings before them, but in addressing a public, containing many who may not have had that good fortune (and it is good fortune), one cannot begin to attempt to explain or expound Alastair without announcing the fact that, directly or indirectly, he derives from Beardsley. The influence is probably indirect; in a word—Beardsley *via* "Jugend." If, for instance, Paul Rieth had been under the same influence, many a cover of "Jugend" might have anticipated Alastair. I know nothing of the latter beyond what Mr. Ross reveals. It appears he is young—twenty-four or so—of Russian, Spanish, and English extraction, a German by residence, robust in health, a total abstainer, and a musician and dancer with professional ambitions. His personal resemblance to Beardsley is, on this showing, rather remote. Both were precocious in art and both were musical; and that is all. But it is evident that there is a psychological kinship between the English and the cosmopolitan artists. They are both interested in types which are other than normal: passionate, excessive beings forced into a bizarre growth under the glass of civilisation. But there they part, for Alastair's creatures are not drowsed into stillness by a spent vitality, which was what Beardsley's always suggested; they are dynamic, and, at their best, they suggest infinite capacity for more or less vigorous action. In the "Carmen" series, they, apart from the theme, look as if they were capable of meting out or accepting violent deaths. Beardsley's people would never have stabbed each other or themselves; they would far rather have insinuated a poison or succumbed to some elegant disease. Alastair then, in spite of his adoption of some of the Beardsley conventions, differs from Beardsley in so far as he has given his people a ruder vitality than that possessed by the people of the inventor of the type.

This dynamic quality of Alastair's illustrations brings them into line with the more modern of art tendencies than at first glance would appear to be possible. And, much as the artist is indebted to past masters in the modernisms of yesterday, even to their love of the Japonesque, many of his drawings suggest without quite achieving the daring of more recent work. It is unconvincing, however, of Mr. Ross to suggest that his work bears "only a superficial resemblance to the achievements of his predecessor," especially in the light of the "Design for a Stage Costume," which is surely an echo of Beardsley's "Peacock Skirt," and "Lulu in Front of the Café Alhambra," which as surely would not have been as clever as it is if Beardsley's "Les Passades" had not been cleverer. The curious thing about Alastair's work is its habit of reminiscence. It suggests a dozen different artists, including in at least one drawing a poster of the Beggarstaff Brothers. The most arresting of the illustrations in the volume, and on the whole the most original, are those in colour. Here individuality has something to say for itself, and tints are worked into the massed-black of the designs with fine decorative and symbolic results. The initial illustration of the "Carmen" series ("Drôles de gens que ces gens là") is a strong and satisfying design, essentially decorative without loss of apparent naturalism. The "Design for a Poster," representing a lady in a snow-storm (or is it Reinhardt's Madonna in the shower of rose-leaves?) is not so successful, though the colouring is fresh and pleasing. On the other hand, the "Carmen" ("Non par le sang—tu n'iras pas Carmen—c'est moi qui tu suivras") and the other, illustrating "Ah je t'aime, Escamille," from the same opera, are vigorous both in colour and drawing, and genuine comments and interpretations of the work that inspired them.

The weakness of Alastair's work is not that it is so obviously indebted to Beardsley, because it is just as obvious that he could break away from that influence if he wished. His weakness lies more in the fact that he is inclined to derive his inspiration from art rather than from life. It may be argued that the drawings in the volume under review are illustrations, and therefore necessarily derived from the arts of music, drama, or literature. But that should not make any difference. It is not the business of illustration merely to echo in its own medium what it has heard in book or song, but to reveal, in its own

* "Forty-Three Drawings." By Alastair. With a Note of Exclamation by Robert Ross. £2 2s. net. (John Lane.)

medium, an impression of what it has heard in the light of its own experience of life. Alastair does not do that; or, at least, he does not give you the impression of having done it. What he does suggest is a determination to be clever at all costs—and in that he succeeds. His drawings are supremely clever, especially when his youth is called to mind and the circumstance, noted by Mr. Ross, of his five years' practice of art. To achieve such formal maturity at so young an age is by no means unique, nor does it follow that the artist will either develop or remain where he is. He may do either. "There is something pleasantly old-fashioned in his oddities and in the peculiar types he affects," says Mr. Ross, and he believes that the fascination of Alastair's talent in its present manifestation is permanent. So do I. But I also believe that its permanence is based in a restricted but very human interest in what is strange and curious rather than in what is profound. Alastair's is, at best, a puppet art, representing, not man, but manikin. Such creatures do exist and often pass among men and for men; but they are, nevertheless, freaks, and interest in them rarely rises above idle inquisitiveness. That is the sort of interest aroused by the work of Alastair, and for the same reason. His illustrations are not normal art, they are curiosities of art, and their rarity is slightly jeopardised by resemblances which, in spite of the best intentions on the part of the beholder, cannot be forgotten—or forgiven.

HOLBROOK JACKSON.

PROMISE AND FULFILMENT.*

It is fitting that we should take Mrs. Morison's volume first, because it contains the output of a life. Nowadays, when the literature of revolt is so much with us, it is a change and refreshment to read such poems as Mrs. Morison writes. Her volume is, obviously, in its main purpose didactic and moral; she is not concerned with mere outward beauty; to her the world, in spite of or through all its sorrow and pain, is beautiful and good, truly fulfilling the purpose of an almighty God. Such a book will not, and, perhaps, ought not, to appeal much to the young, conscious of courage and strength to fight; but even the young should be glad to learn that one who has known sorrow can hope and believe that the world is moving slowly upwards. In these poems there is no cult of mere beauty, no desire for exquisite form, no consciousness of the mysterious glamour of strange emotion. Indeed, we cannot but feel that had Mrs. Morison cared more for formal beauty, her message, by being more attractive in its presentment, would have gained a wider acceptance. That she can write simple, moving verse is well seen in the opening poem, "Drowned":

"God has been very good, sweet heart;
One little year ago,
We swore to love till death should part,
Death will not part us now.

You do not fear to die, dear wife;
Thus folded to my breast?
'Nay, sweet,' she said, 'and fair was life;
But this is perfect rest.'

We'll sleep, dear, in yon track of white,
Where moonbeams touch the sea,
For I think Jesus left such light,
Walking on Galilee."

"The Doorside Ditties" express best her gospel of submission and content, particularly "Good and Faithful," the story of a loyal labouring man.

As we read the volume, "Early Poems," by M. A., a conviction gradually grows that the author, who is already a master craftsman, will one day write poems which will be remembered in the poetic harvest of the twentieth century. There is here serious and sustained thought, together with the essential substance of poetry; almost every poem, including the "Irregular Sonnets," whose descriptive epithet admits criticism, contains lines which satisfy and please our æsthetic sense. There is not much actually original work or new or startling thought; the author rather consciously stands aside from present-day life and art, yet he is no copyist, but always expresses what has become a part of himself. No quotation would give a fair test of this volume, because its effect is produced by the impression of the whole; we feel confident that when the author has an overmastering emotion he will create something, which will secure a place in the world of art.

Our next volume is an anthology chosen from thirty-eight authors, called "Cambridge Poets, 1900–1913." As one would expect it shows much real promise, and, in certain cases, actual fulfilment, of which no poet need be ashamed. The authors are arranged alphabetically to avoid any invidious comparisons; we are much surprised at the omission of the name of one who is now and has been long associated with Cambridge; his chief work was certainly done in the benighted nineteenth century, but he still writes verse which is enjoyed by those who wander in the secluded pathways of the quiet spirit. The quality of the selection as a whole is encouraging to those who look upon poetry as still a living art; there is in the style a careful confidence, in the matter a real maturity; there are not many attempts at exotic or strange metres, but Mr. Alford's "Ode on Night," in the Whitman manner, is both dignified and interesting. Personally, we regret to find so little that is really characteristic of Cambridge, very few poems that show a Cambridge impress on their author's life and thought. There is not much about religion, very little consciousness of social problems, except in the austere verses of Mr. H. O. Meredith, not much even of the usual youthful scorn for professors and the academic outlook; nothing about sport; and only one example of academic humour—Mr. Wingfield-Stratford's "Cambridge Up To Date?"

The volume has an interest as an anthology of modern verse, much of which has already received public recognition; and its value is increased by the inclusion of many unpublished verses. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's introduction is both graceful and sympathetic, after his usual manner, and contains sound and suggestive criticism.

A. H. J.

* "Poems New and Old." By Jeanie Morison. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Early Poems." By M. A. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Matthews.)—"Cambridge Poets, 1900–1913": An Anthology. Chosen by Aelfrida Tillyard. 5s. net. (W. Heffer & Sons.)

EDWIN DROOD.*

This volume contains, in a condensed and most readable form, Gillan Vase's ingenious continuation of, and conclusion to, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." When Gillan Vase, whose real name, it may be recalled, was Mrs. Richard Newton, undertook some thirty odd years ago the task of completing "Edwin Drood," her enthusiasm for the work grew to such dimensions that her sequel had to be published in three substantial volumes. Moreover, she incidentally introduced a number of new characters, having more or less prominent parts. Mr. S. B. Jevons, the editor of the present edition, has been successful in compressing the sequel within the limits of an oridnary novel, and has wisely eliminated the new characters, leaving only the known Dickensian figures on the stage. The result is a thoroughly capable story, which is of great interest, if only for the opportunity it affords of comparing the style of the master with the ambitious imitation of an ardent disciple. For Gillan Vase has attempted to follow out the story in true Dickensian vein, both in spirit and diction, and if she does not always succeed, especially where the quality of the humour is concerned, nevertheless there are many passages which do really catch the wonderful atmosphere of the original story. Gillan Vase's solution to the

* "A Great Mystery Solved." By Gillan Vase. 6s. (Sampson Low.)

mystery, it will be remembered, is intimately connected with the Sapsea vault, and the removal by Jasper of Mrs. Sapsea's body to make room for the body of Edwin, and it is a decidedly clever solution. Mr. Jevons has prefaced the work with a brief summary of Dickens's unfinished story, so that the reader may easily refresh his memory before proceeding to enjoy this entertainingly-developed sequel.

"MY BELOVED SOUTH."*

There can be no doubt as to the descriptive accuracy of the title Mrs. O'Connor has given her very engaging book. She clearly loves the "South" with an absorbing appreciative passion, and with a completely personal sense of possession. Accordingly her tale has all the quality of romance that is so rare nowadays, and always so precious. At first, she tells us, it was her ambition to write "an informing, practical, statistical book. Such a one as would induce English settlers to set sail for the Southern States." But better counsels prevailed, and she set herself "to make an entertaining South." She has succeeded in what we must hold the higher ambition.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor.

The right note is struck on the very first page, with the history of her great-grandfather, Major Duval, who, at twenty-three, married a Miss Pope, of Virginia . . . losing no time about it. He met her,

"A fair-haired, dimpled beauty, wearing a silken hood, a green merino gown, little calf-skin shoes with silver buckles, a black silk apron, and open-work mittens, one golden October afternoon, in a primeval forest near the banks of the Shenandoah. In the angle of her round arm lay a big ball of worsted. . . .

"My great-grandfather, returning from the chase, young, dashing and good looking, suddenly beheld this vision. He wore the buckskin clothes of the Virginian hunter, and carried his day's trophy of wild turkey, ducks, and rabbits slung across his shoulder. His rifle held one last bullet.

"Quickly advancing to the astonished young lady, he took off his bearskin cap, and making a bow so low that the turkeys touched the ground, he said: 'Madame, permit me.' Then lifting the ball of worsted from its envied resting-place, he lightly tossed it high into the air, shot the bullet straight through its heart, and as it came down caught it and placed it, smoking with powder and with love, in her apron pocket.

"The dimples all appeared as she said: 'Sir, you can shoot and hit the mark.'

"He bowed again and answered: 'So can Cupid, and I hope'—pointing to her fluttering heart—'in the right direction.'"

Next day he proposed, and they were married a month later. Could anyone ask a better opening for a book of the heart such as this? There are tales of ancestors, romantic lads who lived adventurous lives and made careers, with anecdotes humorous and tender, local tales, historical, or almost folk stories; great names flit through the pages, and great deeds are recounted; we are reminded of Governor Sam Houston and his sad love story, as well as of his fame in Texas. There are pleasant pages of memories of a pleasant childhood and pet ponies, pigs, buds and flowers. Then comes the narrative of a recent visit to the Southern States in later years, full of bright pictures of places and people, people unknown to fame other than in these pages, like the negro factotum, Harrison Leffingwell, or well-known like Frank Stockton and the Champ Clarks and Thomas Nelson Page, and many another. With anecdote and description the chapters flow on, vivacious, chatty, full of history and legend, and of present-day facts, all cast in the agreeable moulding of Mrs. O'Connor's easy, vivid, graceful imagination and style. The Southern States are, indeed, rich in memories, and Mrs. O'Connor has deftly chosen among the best what has made her book and her story a veritable treasury. And not the least part of their charm is due to her rich, feeling, fearlessly romantic way of writing. It is not for everyone to venture upon this manner, but she has eminently succeeded in writing from the heart, with tears and laughter intermingled. Read the story of how Davis died, or the history of the wicked mule, Satan, and you will feel the spell. Among the anecdotes is a really fairy-tale of a Venetian gondola, a moony night on the grand canal, and a beautiful lonely lady in splendid black and furs, who presently began to sing "Way Down Upon the Swanee River. . . . It was Calvè—and the beginning of a friendship.

F. M. A.

* "My Beloved South." By Mrs. T. P. O'Connor. 10s. 6d. net. (Putnam's Sons.)

ST. PAUL AND THE MYSTERIES.*

The problem of the influence exerted by contemporary cults upon the formation of the primitive Christian creed and *cultus* has become much more serious than it was sixteen years ago, when Archdeacon Cheetham published his Hulsean Lectures on "The Mysteries, Pagan and Christian." For one thing, research into the mystery-cults has been prosecuted with fresh ardour, thanks in the main to Cumont and Reitzenstein. For another thing, the religious ideas of the New Testament itself have been correlated with contemporary syncretism by the *religionsgeschichtliche* school. It is no longer a question of showing that in the second or third century, for example, the Christian sacraments began to assume a significance which was due to similar pagan rites. The arena of debate is not Ignatius and his successors, but the New Testament itself. It is the origin—not simply the formation—of the sacraments which is at issue, and this naturally raises the problem of St. Paul's theology. No one ascribes to Jesus any conscious exploitation of the mystery-cults. The theory is that once His religion began to be popularised it took on the features of a mystery-cult, and as such commended itself to the religious yearnings of the age for salvation, moral purity, and immortality. Such a formation is ascribed by many to the Apostle Paul. It is argued that baptism meant to him a magical transformation, that the Lord's Supper was conceived by him as the means of imbibing a hyperphysical divine essence called the Spirit, and that he is indebted for his faith-mysticism to the language and ideas of cults such as are represented in the Hermetic literature.

Professor Kennedy's discussion is confined to the problem of St. Paul's relation to the Mysteries, but he is careful to set the issue in a larger context. His fine scholarship enables him to test and estimate the relevant evidence for the prevalence of the cults during the first century, and to avoid a number of the mistakes which previous writers have made in their haste to build upon resemblances. Here, more than almost anywhere else, the use of parallels has been abused. Similarities of language have been assumed to mean affinities of thought, and insufficient attention has been paid to the critical principle that in discussing any religion the fundamental thing is to start from its essential and distinctive ideas. As an example of sound critical method, Dr. Kennedy's volume is educative. He groups his materials without introducing speculative

* "St Paul and the Mystery-Religions." By H. A. A. Kennedy, D.D., D.Sc. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

reconstructions, and provides the reader with reliable data for ascertaining what can and what cannot be affirmed about the cults in the present state of our knowledge. But his conclusions are more useful still. In opposition to Professor Lake and Professor Gardner, he finds himself unable to discover exact equivalents for the Pauline sacraments in the mysteries. The main object of his criticism is Reitzenstein, and he seems to succeed in his proof that the use of terms like "spirit," "knowledge" and "enlighten" in the late Hermetic corpus, cannot be held regulative for the Pauline terminology. The Old Testament is certainly a clear source. What these parallels from the cults prove, as Dr. Kennedy suggests, "is the ability of many of his [Paul's] readers to catch the meaning of a more or less technical terminology, due not merely to a course of instruction in the Old Testament, but to their acquaintance with a religious vocabulary already current among the Mystery-associations." The conceptions of faith and communion in Paul's theology are not syncretistic; they are the expression of a fresh, creative experience.

In the main the author's conclusion is that arrived at independently and simultaneously by Dr. Clemen in his "*Einfluss der Mysterienreligionen auf ælteste Christentum*." The German work covers a wider ground; but Dr. Kennedy's treatise has the advantage of concentrating attention upon what is the crucial issue, so far as the New Testament is concerned. Schweitzer, who has just dealt some cruel blows to the fashionable view of Christianity as a mystery-cult, insists that for any adequate treatment of the subject it is essential to start from a proper conception of Paulinism as an entity, and also from some consideration for chronological probabilities. The great value of Dr. Kennedy's work is that it is based upon a careful exegesis of Paul's epistles, and this is buttressed by a searching enquiry into the evidence for the spread and development of the respective cults during the first half of the first Christian century. Possibly some readers may find the proofs and arguments somewhat elaborate—for example, in the second and third chapters. But if they knew the amount of amateur reasoning from unexamined data which has crept into several books upon this subject they would be more patient. Such books, as Schweitzer grumbled, manufacture a sort of Mystery-religion out of fragments scattered over centuries. Bossuet, for example, constructs a Mystery-religion in the first and a Gnostic religion in the second century, neither of which ever existed on sea or land. Such books also insist on talking about a Greek Redeemer God! A Redeemer God, as Schweitzer observes drily, "means a God who for the sake of men came into the world, died and rose again." It only requires a study of Dr. Kennedy's pages to show how far the Mystery-cults are from supplying anything adequate to that definition. He has rendered a true service to theological criticism of the New Testament by this balanced and scholarly volume. Its very patience and scrupulous care for detail exhibit the best qualities of English scholarship in dealing with a subject on which it is easy and fatal to be rapid. Boswell describes how Dr. Johnson was dissatisfied with the Messrs. Foulis of Glasgow: "Though good and ingenious men, they had that unsettled speculative mode of conversation which is offensive to a man regularly taught at an English school and university." Dr. Kennedy's book, on the other hand, shows the very qualities which are often missing in English books upon the subject. It has a conscience for facts and a steady scepticism of theorising.

JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., D.Litt.

THE WINE-PRESS.*

Mr. Alfred Noyes' new poem, "The Wine-Press" is the most interesting thing he has yet done. There are inequalities about it which are not found in other works by him; especially at the supreme height of terror in this story of war will the reader be disappointed by getting some remarks about good taste instead of the sheer thrill of horror that Mr. Masefield would have produced in the same circumstances. But there are passages of finely sustained beauty in "The Wine-Press," and vehement outbursts of feeling and imagination white-hot with emotion. What is of still higher importance is the fact that Mr. Noyes at last comes from the world of romance and fantasy out into the world of modern actualities, without losing his poetic power. For he has hitherto seemed to be essentially a writer of the pure romantic school, a weaver of lovely tapestries covered with beautiful things far removed from matters of modern experience. He appeared to need some material that time had already touched with poetry, in order to work it into his richly embroidered verse with its swaying rhythms and glancing colours. Now, however, he proves that he has sufficient strength of inspiration to take the raw stuff of life and mould it into a poem, beautiful, tragical, and deeply moving. At a leap he has risen from fairyland and its ancient enchantments to the heights of human life, where he employs a spiritual power of vision, unexpected, astonishing, and profound.

"The Wine-Press" is a tale of the war between the Balkan States and Turkey. Johann, a young wood-cutter, leaves his wife and baby on the last of the crusades:

> "'Comrades,' he cried, 'you know not
> The splendour of your blades!
> This war is not as other wars:
> The night shrinks with all her stars,
> And Freedom rides before you
> On the last of the Crusades.'"

In the battle with the Moslems, he grows drunk with lust of blood and fights like a mad savage until a bullet in his groin brings him down. He leaves the hospital in time to take part in the new war between Bulgaria and her allies. Falling back before the guns of his brothers in arms, he makes his last stand in his own country close to his own home. His comrades are broken and scattered by a bayonet attack at night, and he flees through the moonlight wood to his cottage. The fire is still burning on the hearth, but his wife and child are dead, and death is not the only thing that the woman has suffered. A blind man who came to live in the house is nailed against an apple tree and still living. Johann kills himself. It is a terrible story, yet out of it Mr. Noyes, without losing his hold on the grimmest realities of life, draws a noble, inspiriting conclusion. Another battle, he says, is now going on, over all the earth that will not end:

> "Till the dead Cross break in blossom;
> Till the God we sacrificed,
> With that same love He gave us,
> Stretch out His arms to save us,
> Yea, till God save the people,
> And heal the wounds of Christ!"

This, like the other stanza we have cited, does not give an idea of Mr. Noyes' diction at its best. He gets his really magnificent effects on a large canvas of three or four pages of somewhat loosely knit and yet reverberating and tumultuous verse. The first battle scene is finely done—it is picture of modern warfare in which a defeated army fights without seeing the men who have beaten it. The description of the peaceful cottage of the wood-cutter at the opening of the war is very charming and touched with the magic of true romance; and if only Mr. Noyes had let himself go in the contrasting scene at the close, the impression would have been overwhelming. But he rather wastes his crowning opportunity of driving home his message to all those who think that peace is the corrupter of nations, by stopping to criticise Mr. Rudyard Kipling's idea of war, and to complain that good taste will not allow him to describe what happened to the murdered child of the dead peasant woman. What he could not have said, he should have suggested; what he could not have suggested, he should have left out; but it should all have been done in an unfaltering swirl of tragic passion that would have conveyed to us somewhat of the feelings that swept through Johann when he saw what had happened

* "The Wine-Press: A Tale of War." By Alfred Noyes. 4s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

and slew himself to escape from the sight and memory of it. But, in spite of its few defects "The Wine-Press" is a memorable piece of work. If Mr. Noyes can build on the height of vision he has now attained, he will become one of the master singers of our age.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

LUXEMBOURG.*

The author of this interesting and handsome book very rightly describes the small territory with which it deals, as the Ruritania of to-day. Indeed, the novelist might do worse than take the picturesque Duchy of Luxembourg as the back-ground for a romance of the "sword and cloak" type. How long Luxembourg will remain an independent Duchy one cannot say, but it has certainly preserved up to the present time a charming individuality of its own, which matches the architecture of its ancient town, its scenery, and its historic past. The Duchy has had in the past a chequered career, and soon after the German Federation fell in 1866, Germany and France were brought to the very verge of war over the question of its possession. The Prussians had, till then, in accordance with the Congress of Vienna, occupied it. What concerns the lover of architecture, however, is the fact that when the Duchy was made neutral and independent, it was decided that the fortifications of the capital, and the splendid walls of the great citadel should be razed to the ground, and this, under the supervision of a French and a Prussian officer was clumsily done.

The city of Luxembourg has not been inaptly described as "the rose red city, half as old as time." It certainly has a charm of its own, and even when one has become intimately acquainted with its life and by-ways, and the picturesque country outside appeals to one, Luxembourg is left behind reluctantly. It is, indeed, a picturesque little city situated upon the Petrusse and the Alzette, which flow together, and merging in fact merge also in name. Luxembourg has not a little of the picturesqueness of Bruges and Benares in it and in its architecture, and there is a trace of its Austrian conquerors in some of its buildings which reminds one of Salzburg. Every lover of the picturesque and the beautiful should visit the old fortress now a bower of the most beautiful roses in many varieties. Artists who make their way to the city find eternal delight in the *pfaffenthal*, and the ordinary rambler, with an eye for beauty, will discover in almost every street and by-way something of interest and delight.

The country, too, near the capital, is full of beauty. Rivers, meadow-lands, and wood-lands vie with each other to make pictures of delight and charm, and as one works one's way to the southern border, to Redomack, for instance, one traverses a road girt by apple-trees all the way, and enters through a gateway beneath which Henry II. of France, himself passed three and a half centuries ago. Redomack is a most delightful and curious village, and the old houses seem to have dropped out of the Middle Ages, and have remained unchanged by the passage of years.

The Duchy, too, has its own Switzerland in the glorious highlands of the eastern border, providing a pleasant change from the flatter country of the north. It is not too much to say that few similarly small districts in Europe provide such varied and delightful scenery.

"All Creation's industry, indeed, and her most cunning chiselling, have gone to give Luxembourg its particular beauty and the continual changing surprise which it has. Sea, river, rain, wind—all these, through the ages, have carved the Grand Duchy's glories, and cut it magnificently."

One could make many quotations from a book, which, interesting in its subject, is particularly well and sympathetically written. The author has an eye for the picturesque, and an easy and pleasant style, which carries one on from page to page. The reproductions of photographs, which illustrate the book, are above the average, and many of them are delightful. That of Esch-on-Eure is enough to make one wish to pack a kit-bag or a knapsack forthwith.

* "Luxembourg: A Grand Duchy and Its People." By George Renwick, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

SOCIAL STUDIES.*

It was a happy circumstance that Dr. Bartlett, of Mansfield College, Oxford, wrote a letter to *The British Weekly* strongly urging upon Christians the duty of reconsidering their ideas about property in the light of the Bible doctrine of stewardship—the doctrine of God the Creator as the only absolute owner of all things and persons. It resulted in this stimulating sheaf of essays called "Property: Its Duties and Rights,"[1] being written by a team of distinguished Churchmen and Nonconformists, captained by the Bishop of Oxford. Mr. L. T. Hobhouse, Canon Hastings Rashdall, Mr. A. D. Lindsay, Dr. Vernon Bartlett, Dr. A. J. Carlyle, Mr. H. G. Wood, and Canon Scott Holland, each in their own way, analyse the idea of property from an historical, philosophical, or religious standpoint. With the exception of Mr. Lindsay, whose contribution is cold and

* 1 "Property: Its Duties and Rights." Introduction by the Bishop of Oxford. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

A Roadside Shrine near Consdorf.

From "Luxembourg," by George Renwick, F.R.G.S. (Fisher Unwin.)

colourless, the team work well together, drawing their inspiration from the Lawgivers of Israel, the Greek philosophers, the Early Christian Fathers, the English and German philosophers, and the Puritan teachers.

One of the writers frankly states that after the Reformation, the Church has invariably lagged behind in moulding public opinion with regard to an ethical conception of property. Indeed, though none of these writers have mentioned this, it was from Godwin's "Political Justice" and Paine's "Rights of Man" that the English reformers of the early nineteenth century drew their moral inspiration, rather than from divines. Mr. Hobson makes a distinction between property "for use" and property "for power," and every one of these writers shows that property "for power" has become the keynote for modern capitalism—a capitalism which inevitably reduces the bulk of the population to a property-less state.

Dr. Bartlett, in his most interesting essay on the Biblical idea of property, strikes the keynote of the religious conception of property in the Mosaic law by instancing the first great Land Act: It "shall not be sold in perpetuity; for the land is Mine; for ye are strangers and sojourners with Me." Jehovah was always regarded as the Overlord.

Mr. H. G. Wood has a difficult task to lift the blight of commercialism from Puritan teaching. This makes his essay all the more interesting, for it is easy enough to make your case good, when attacking private ownership, by quoting from the Early Christian Fathers, as they were avowedly communistic. However, Wyclif, Latimer, and laymen like Woolman and Lilburne, stand out from the crowd of ordinary Puritan teachers, though we can quite sympathise with that popular Puritan moralist, Dr. Ames, who, in criticising the patristic denunciation of usury, said most appositely: "If a man buys a farm and takes a rent for it, it is held just. But what is the difference if he lends the money to another to buy the farm, and gets that other to pay interest instead of rent?" Even Cromwell prosecuted a corn monopolist at Ipswich, and in the same year a warrant was issued against Samuel Truelove, of Wapping, and Mr. Bucknell, Shipmaster, "to attend the Council to answer as to a combination for raising the price of coals." "It suits not a Commonwealth," declared the Protector, "if there be anyone who makes many poor to make a few rich."

In a concluding powerful chapter on "Property and Personality," Canon Scott Holland declares that no Christian Father ever confused charity with justice, and that the Church never regarded property as an absolute right, only as a social expedient. "The owners of property were, after all, only holding what was due to all, and in giving to those in necessity they were but giving them that which was their own." If private property tends to the development of character, as is contended by individualist writers like Dr. Bosanquet, ethical individualism in property as Mr. Hobhouse points out, blows up its own citadel. "We may win," writes Dr. Holland, "the moral qualities which the sense of property evolves by owning things in common." Individuality should be realised in the building of the perfect State—the Kingdom of God on earth. Indeed, the modern Christian has much to learn from the ancient Roman ideal:

> "Privatus illis census erat brevis
> Commune magnum."

"The Year-Book of Social Progress, 1913–1914,"[2] is certainly the most solid book published at the price of 2s. during the past year. Messrs. Nelson are to be congratulated upon their achievement. The book contains 595 pages, embodying a tremendous amount of tabulating and summarising work. The population; local government; land, housing, and means of communication; production of wealth; labour and its conditions; wages and cost of living; public health; education; pauperism and the poor law; crime, insanity, and inebriety, all come under review. Most of the sections are refreshingly up-to-date. We get, for instance, the outlines of both the Unionists' and the Labour Party's Agricultural Minimum Wage Bill, introduced by Mr. Hills and Mr. G. H. Roberts. There is a curious slip, though, made in the very meagre space devoted to Land Nationalisation, in stating that Henry George has been "the leading advocate of land nationalisation." We question, too, whether land nationalisation as a policy is not so prominent now as it was twenty years ago. The one great defect of the book is the omission of the Women's Political Movement, especially in an age when women are knocking at every door of social and political life, claiming admission. The objection to most Year-Books, published at a popular price, is that their cheapness is aggressively displayed both in the type and in the paper. This book comes as a delightful exception. We cannot, though, congratulate Messrs. Nelson on Mr. Fox's book,[3] which is devoid of an historical sense, and even fails to convey to us the modern Australian point of view.

The Garden City's unique position in our social life is that it is the common ground on which the individualist and the collectivist can meet. The two "isms" have mated here and fructified into residences and factories set amidst gardens. Although manufacturers have here escaped from the economic pressure of the individual ground landlord, they have not yet escaped from railway monopoly, for at least one manufacturer uses commercial motors to take his finished product to London rather than be heavily taxed by railway rates.

It is the fashion with some people to sneer at the social side of the Garden City. "It may not have a public-house," said a companion to me whilst we were walking round Letchworth, "but they have consoled themselves by making their private houses look like public-houses, and I cannot tell for the life of me whether the churches are public-houses, prisons, or penitentiaries." The "Skittles" Inn, though non-alcoholic, is an exceedingly popular institution. After all, the garden city's greatest asset is social rather than economic. One can "keep oneself to oneself," if one chooses to, or throw oneself into a regular whirlpool of intellectual and social activity. The very quarrels are lifted on to a higher level. The question, for instance, whether the bleating lamb or the blushing beetroot should be butchered to make a Garden Citizen's meal, relieves residents here from suburban dullness. It may be a city of cranks, but there is a refreshing absence of snobbery, and the winning of a greater fellowship than is possible in most country places. Mr. Purdom's book[4] is well illustrated and printed. As Mr. Dent has a printing and binding factory at the Garden City, he has, no doubt, taken a special pride in this handsome production.

F. E. GREEN.

PARIS NIGHTS.*

In most—not all—of these sketches, the Arnold Bennett we know so well stares us in the face. There is the same old heartless, unflinching dissection of the home life of the typical English middle-class family, the Smiths, with their total indifference to the art of conversation, the wrong-headed uncomprehending attitude of the father to his son and his wife, the blunt crude frankness of the brother to the sister, until she catches typhoid fever or is jilted by her fiancé. There is the same reaction against Ruskin's æstheticism and his standards of beauty, the same scrap-heaping of all our traditional likes and dislikes. The monster hotel is to him a beautiful thing. A Paris boulevard is "splendid and uplifting." In fact, the new order of things pleases him. Especially does France please him.

And yet at times his usual sarcastic humour becomes far more bitter than we are wont to expect from him, and in discussing this very France. No one could be more severe on the "advanced decomposition" of the fashionable night-café, especially when it hears the verdict in a

[2] "The Year Book of Social Progress, 1913–14." 2s. net. (Nelson.)

[3] "Our English Land Muddle: An Australian View." By Frank Fox. 2s. net. (Nelson.)

[4] "The Garden City." By C. B. Purdom. With 4 Coloured Pictures and 140 other Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

* "Paris Nights and other Impressions of Places and People." By Arnold Bennett. 12s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

certain *cause célèbre*, left nameless, but anyone can put a name to it. It is "boisterous Bedlam." No one could be more severe on the fatuous tediousness of a celebrated Paris music-hall, or the "flaccid perfunctoriness" which he finds in the Opera performances.

And if he often resembles the Dutch painters in his cruel realism, now and then he also resembles modern Dutch painters when they tremble on the verge of idealism. Look at the picture of the great Anglo-Saxon artist in the "ugly and narrow discomfort" of a Paris studio, with a "sheet of music pinned carelessly to an easel, and lighted by a small ill-regulated lamp into a truncated, dirty chimney," wholly absorbed in the enjoyment derived from "his oldest friend, the brown 'cello, gleaming between his knees."

And there is an unfamiliar Arnold Bennett, too, in the picture of the comfortable French bourgeois family, when the father went into the nursery to bid his children good-night and "simply and candidly caressed them, calling them passionately by the most beautiful names, and fondling their wild hair." In the same category we would place his sketch of Prebendary Carlile, and his new fondness for imagining the "wistful secret preoccupations" of the ordinary humble toiler, the porter at the terminus, the guard at Dover. This increasing depth of feeling gives a new force to some of his impressionist visions, as of the procession of silent miners, "a perfect pilgrimage of them, winding its way over a down where the sparse grass is sooty, and the trees are withered. Your feeling is that if you got in its path it would tramp right over you." Truly a masterful picture. In fact, we seem to detect the existence of a mellowing process in Mr. Arnold Bennett's spirit, the rise of a suspicion that Tolstoi and Turgenieff have not said the last and best thing about this earth, and that there may be something after all in the old ideals.

NEW POETRY.*

Mrs. Hinkson's poems are rightly named. The Irish quality—I suppose it to be Irish, since it is not English—is strong in every poem, so strong that even if it were the only quality it would be enough to recommend the book. It is made up of the simplest words, in singing, pausing rhythms. The unhappiness always has a touch of, at least, satisfaction in it. The happiness was unhappiness a moment ago. There is something diminutive, bird-like, child-like, constantly present. It is full of the love of God, men and Nature, with a tone as if they made quite a small family altogether and liked it; and as if the rest of the world were a province of Ireland, where:

"The grey streets of London are sweeter than the rose,
The grey streets of London when the West Wind blows."

And, of course, Ireland is the best part of this little world:

"There's a mist that's over Ireland when the blackbird calls,
And when you come it's risin' and when you go it falls.
It's made of green and silver and the rain and dew,
And the finest sun is over it you ever knew."

A poem that well represents Mrs. Hinkson's attitude, if not her art, is "The Maker," of which I will quote as much as there is room for:

"God made the country,
Man made the town;
God clad the country
In a green gown. . . .

Poor folk from Eden,
Driven away,
God made the country
For a holiday.

God gave the country
A flower, a bird,
To comfort the children
For the flaming sword. . . .

God made the country,
Man made the town.
Is not God a Maker
Of great renown?"

The earth has not been such a beautiful little place as it is in Mrs. Hinkson's lisping rhymes since the Middle Ages.

A poetess, half Mohawk and half Welsh, by birth, tradition, and affection a Canadian Indian, is not one to be treated lightly. Pauline Johnson was known as a poet to Mr. Watts-Dunton in 1889. She gave recitals of her work at Steinway Hall in 1906. She is still alive, but an invalid. Her poems are stirring narratives, descriptions of wild country, legends, songs of the river and the trail, love scenes, character sketches in the open air, and a poem on the art of Alma Tadema. She is vigorous, straightforward, eloquent, in the manner of colonial poets. I will quote from what Mr. Watts-Dunton calls her "lovely canoe song":

"I am sailing to the leeward,
Where the current runs to seaward
Soft and slow,
Where the sleeping river grasses
Brush my paddle as it passes
To and fro. . . .

Here, impossible romances,
Indefinable sweet fancies,
Cluster round;
But they do not mar the sweetness
Of this still September fleetness
With a sound. . . .

And the perfume of some burning
Far off brushwood, ever turning
To exhale
Mild smoky fragrance dying,
In the arms of evening lying,
Where I sail.

My canoe is growing lazy,
In the atmosphere so hazy,
While I dream;
Half in slumber I am guiding,
Eastward indistinctly gliding
Down the stream."

Miss Johnson's history, her strong sense of nationality, her local colour, and her straightforwardness, together with those qualities for which Mr. Watts-Dunton admires her, must win other admirers.

Mr. Boothroyd's book has a frontispiece of a hanged man, a bat, and a rat, in a style like Beardsley's, and it opens with a quotation from "Fiona Macleod" on the fly leaf:

"There are dreams beyond the thrust of the spear and there are dreams and dreams; of what has been or what is to be, as well as the more idle fantasies of sleep."

Mr. Boothroyd's poems are often professedly descriptions of dreams, and even where they are not, they suit dream logic better than any other. If Lord Dunsany had written verse he would have done something like Mr. Boothroyd. The stately, the mysterious-meaningless, the playful, and the nonsensical, are all within his scope. All are good, where excellence would seem impossible. One of the most typical, though not one of the best, is entitled "Mystery!" with a note of exclamation:

"From some great height I looked upon a plain,
In which were gathered men of ugly breed;
And in their centre—on a coal-black steed
Which champed its bit, and shook its purple mane—
There sat a fiend, who, on an iron chain,
Held in a vast performing Centipede.
And as I looked, its nose began to bleed,
And left upon the sand a scarlet stain.
And all the crowd of men who stood around
Shouted derisively,—insanely jeered,
And each one took the other by the beard
And dashed him forcibly upon the ground;
But he who sat the ebon steed said naught,
And no one shall conjecture what he thought!"

* "Irish Poems." By Katharine Tynan. 3s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)—"Flint and Feather" (Collected Verse). By E. Pauline Johnson. With Introduction by Theodore Watts-Dunton. Illustrated by J. Seavey. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Apes and Peacocks." Verses in Varied Vein. By Norman Boothroyd. 2s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)—"Collected Poems." By Ford Madox Hueffer. With Preface by the Author. 5s. net. (Max Goschen.)—"The Collected Poems of Margaret L. Woods." With a Portrait in Photogravure. 5s. net. (Lane.)—"A Selection of Verses from the *Manchester University Magazine*, 1868–1912." With Preface by Sir Alfred Hopkinson. 4s. 6d. net. (Manchester University Press.)

Mrs. Margaret L. Woods.
From the painting by Sir W. P. Richmond.
From "The Collected Poems of Margaret L. Woods." (John Lane.)

Others are more symbolical and less allegorical in appearance. All are like an experimenting verse-writer's "mere idle fantasies of sleep."

Mr. Hueffer wants poetry about the Shepherd's Bush Exhibition rather than about the Arthurian legend, though it is certain that neither ensures the writer against producing rubbish and unreality. Mr. Hueffer, however, has had too much experience of prose to write rubbish in verse. Moreover, he has read Browning and Swinburne, and is accustomed to music. If he does not really get more suggestion of motor and cinema into his work than Mr. Boothroyd and Miss Tynan, it is in spite of his preface and of passages where, for example, he mentions Baker Street:

"As we come up at Baker Street
Where tubes and trains and 'buses meet,
There's a touch of fog and a touch of sleet;
And we go on up Hampstead way
Towards the closing in of day. . . .
You should be a queen or a duchess rather,
Reigning in place of a warlike father
In peaceful times o'er a tiny town
Where all the roads wind up and down
From your little palace—a small, old place
Where every soul should know your face
And bless your coming. That's what I mean,
A small grand-duchess, no distant queen,
Lost in a great land, sitting alone
In a marble palace upon a throne. . . ."

The poem is very little the better or the more up-to-date for the mention of Baker Street. But the book is to be read for its contradictory infinite variety, from a carter's "Thanks whilst unharnessing," to "An Invitation":

"Come, my Sylvia, let us rove."

Mr. Hueffer has evidently only used verse when he was very sure that it was the right thing to do, and has not merely versified the prettiest things things left over from essays and romances. The book is composed of five lesser booklets, some of them privately issued, and of some unpublished little plays.

There is a great variety of scene—London, Oxford, Wales, Marlborough, the English country—in Mrs. Woods' poems, but the solemn, dignified, idealistic tone which prevails makes the three hundred and fifty pages seem long. Probably the best poem is "The Gondola of London," a song of love in a hansom cab:

"Ours is a gondola as trim,
Secret, and bold as ere (? e'er) could swim,
Shunning a moon that smiles too soon
—Black the boat over black abysses—
Harbouring rapture, curtaining kisses,
Lovers that laughed at Fortune's frown,
There—as we do in London town. . . ."

But the series of "Oxford Bells" will have partisans, and so will the attempt to present the fair in Marlborough High Street about 1840. Mrs. Woods is among the foremost women-poets of the moment in culture, sustained effort and reputation, and her work must receive more attention now that it has been collected, after the increasingly fashionable manner, in one volume.

An inevitable reprint is this collection of Manchester University Verses, Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin having recently done something like it. That they are below the Oxford and Cambridge level is due partly to the fact that all are from the "University Magazine." Some are prize poems. Some afterwards well-known men, such as George Gissing, Professor Oliver Elton, and Stephen Reynolds are represented, and there is a long, topical "Contencyoun betwene Lettrys and Science" in dramatic form, by Sir A. W. Ward.

EDWARD THOMAS.

Novel Notes.

THE MILKY WAY. By F. Tennyson Jesse. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Miss Tennyson Jesse starts her story at Penzance and dedicates it to Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, and throughout we are conscious of the atmosphere of the studio and the art-class. There is delicate feeling for colour everywhere, for the "pearl-coloured" Dover cliffs, as the coasting steamer carrying her to London shoulders its way through a heavy sea, for the Cornish moorland "dappled with cloud shadows, spilled over it like purple wine-stains." A wanderlust, an adversion to anything settled, "the light-hearted philosophy of salt-water," carries the pretty vagabond through an amazing series of adventures. An incarnation of Peter Pan passes gaily through it all, piping Dvorák's "Humoreske," and persuading her to forsake one eligible admirer after another, aiding and abetting her too in her mad-cap frolics in travelling theatres, in ghostly wax-works, in pavement artistry, in harum-scarum adventures after fancy-dress balls, and in a melodramatic invasion of "Secrecy Farm." Other equally delightful Bohemians circle round these two, and the fun waxes merrier and merrier, until in "screaming" disguises they fly round the Kensington streets pursued by a policeman, a flight which ends with a Cinderella touch of unexpected and fairy-like good fortune. The story is not only vastly clever in its weaving of incidents and characters, but gives evidence of a fund of careful observation and poetic imagination. The author is just as much at home in the coasting steamer's engine-room, where the creatures of steel leap out "only to check and draw back swiftly as though held in leash," as on the Cornish moor listening to the bark of a fox, "which is like nothing on earth save Coleridge's line, 'Woman wailing for her demon-lover.'" And if the character-drawing of the vagabond-artist and her Peter Pan is a little too impressionist to satisfy us, some of the minor characters, such as "The Changeling" of the travelling theatre, are etched with a masterly hand.

A MIDSUMMER ROSE. By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Ralph Bretherton, a dilettante, bachelor of thirty-six, is heir to his cousin Edward Harding, an old man of seventy odd; the two have been great friends until, five years before the story opens, Harding, to the unspeakable amazement of his younger cousin, marries the daughter of one of his tenants, who has been acting as nurse to him. Bretherton is so angry and disappointed at his cousin for being

fooled, as he thinks, that he has never seen him since his marriage; neither has he ever seen the wife; he has refused all Harding's advances. And now he hears that he is dead. He goes up north to the funeral, and afterwards learns that his cousin has made him his heir after all, but has left his wife the use, for her lifetime, of Littlecombe Hall, and all the family plate and jewels. He also leaves a letter for Bretherton, which concludes: "I feel I yet owe you an explanation of what seemed to you the amazing selfishness of my marriage. It has an explanation; and it is not any of those which will most easily occur to you, creditable or discreditable to me. It is one which is so amazing to myself that I think you would never guess it. If you have the privilege of Lizzie's friendship, in time she may perhaps tell it to you herself. It will exonerate me more than anything I could advance. I have tried to rise to the heights of the sacrifice she has made for me, and to some extent I hope I have succeeded." What Harding's wife is like, and why he married her, and how Bretherton nearly loses his Midsummer Rose, are told in Miss Katharine Tynan's usual charming style, keeping the reader's interest unflagged from beginning to end of the story.

THE VISION SPLENDID. By D. K. Broster and G. W. Taylor. 6s. (Murray.)

With this novel the authors of "Chantemerle" thrust some little way home their claim to the consideration of the reading public. "The Vision Splendid" resembles its predecessor in at least two respects: it is an historical story and it is very long. Perhaps it is not too long, for it is a very full book and there is a great deal of stuff in it; but its methods are leisurely and considered. The authors seem to have made up their minds to get the utmost out of every situation, and they leave little to the reader's imagination. But that is the worst fault of Miss Broster and Miss Taylor, whose second novel is a careful and genuinely effective piece of work. It is supremely to their credit that they have had the courage to place their story in a period which is as yet hardly sufficiently remote to seem more than quaint to the average reader. Yet they have invested it with romance and a sort of glamorous realism that do much towards making their book impressive. The story is largely—but not primarily—one of the beginnings of the Oxford Movement, with Keble, Newman, Isaac Williams and the rest of them figuring in its pages. But the plot proper centres almost entirely around the gracious figure of Horatia Grenville, the daughter of a country parson of the old school, who marries a French Count, and leads an unhappy life in Paris. Anyhow, the authors have given us a very complete and quite sufficiently varied picture of life in the English provinces and in Paris at the beginning of the last century, and we have no hesitation in giving it as our opinion that "The Vision Splendid" is a very sound piece of work indeed.

THE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY MORGANS. By Edward Thomas. 6s. (Duckworth.)

This book is characteristic of its author, and therefore, written with inspiration and charm. If the first function of a novel is to tell a tale, then it is doubtful whether this work of fiction is entitled to the name of novel, for of plot (foolish word!) it has none. Nevertheless, it has the atmosphere of romance, a far more important requirement than any mere machinery, and it is welcome. The Happy-go-Lucky Morgans are as unconventional as they are Welsh. The most surprising thing about them is that they ever lived at Balham, but even there, like the Israelites during the captivity, they dwelt apart in, but were never of, the suburbs. Their house was in Abercorran Street, and with their dogs and pigeons, books, sports and the managing Ann—a competent and delightful personality—they were heartily unconscious of any disfavour that might have been shown them by the neighbours because of their happy-go-lucky ways. Throughout their residence in Balham they remained determinedly Welsh; and so readers of their physical and intellectual efforts, enjoy episodes and discussions, redolent of the Celtic spirit, rich with the inspiration which for centuries long warmed the songs, oratory and deeds of the bards and warriors of Wales. No happier interpreter of this spirit and these dreams can be found than Mr. Edward Thomas. Mentally, and temperamentally, he is the man for the occasion, and, therefore, has written this successful and satisfying book. We hope he will follow his bent further, for while "The Happy-Go-Lucky Morgans" shows what he can do, it also suggests that he might venture with more boldness along this new highway. It is evident (at any rate to those who have met him) that he has never yet been sufficiently confident of his capacity for writing a true novel. The experience of this book should encourage him. Take, for example, the characterization. The earlier chapters exhibit a humour and subtlety of touch—in the drawing of Ann, the Morgan boys and Jessie—which could hardly be improved upon, yet when he comes to the men they are too much of a pattern. Mr. Morgan, the cheerful Torrance, Stodham, who is respectable, and Aurelius are rather much of a muchness—pleasant and gentle creatures, with bookish, snuffy ways and a tendency to fecklessness, which must surely have sometimes irritated Ann, though Mr. Thomas is highly reticent as to that. He does not give away his compatriots. Let us, however, beware of judging him by conventional standards, for this is no conventional book; the ordinary novelist could no more have accomplished this particular triumph than he could find mountains and waterfalls in Balham. It is rich with the melody of words, and inspiration and vision; the experiences of this Bumble-governed day are linked with such spirit as the minstrels shared when they tuned their harps in the presence of Llewellyn. This is a Welsh story, needing in its readers some sort of Celtic sympathy. It is some time since Mr. Thomas has given us so acceptable a book.

THE GREY COUNTESS. By Theo Douglas. 6s. (Cassell.)

This is an enthralling mystery-story, skilfully constructed, and told in an easy and unexaggerated manner, which enables the author to describe the most thrilling and weird adventures in a realistic and convincing way. It is possible that some readers may give a sigh of regret that the author should have to rely on "doubles"—the likeness exisiting between certain of the characters in the story—in order to make them solve part of the mystery: but, nevertheless, the tale grips and holds from the beginning until the mystery is solved. The plot centres round a fascinating Russian Princess whom Lucas Adair (author and lawyer) meets by chance at a dinner party, and who undertakes to collaborate with her in a book of her Reminiscences. She tells him that she has gathered a great deal of material for the book and extracts a promise from him that "whatever happens" he will arrange the book and bring it out. begging him not to fail her. He is vaguely uneasy, but promises, the terms of monetary payment being excellent, And then, before the book is commenced, he sees in his paper one morning that the Princess has died suddenly, of aneurism of the heart, in her house at Dover. Adair hears from the executors of her will that she has left a condition attached to his work on the book. The work must be done at the house in Hill Street, Dover, where she died, and where all the manuscripts are kept. No. 9, Hill Street, is a house of mystery, and its secret makes an absorbing centre of interest in this attractive novel.

ONE OF THE CROWD. By Madame Albanesi. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Madame Albanesi is always sure of a large audience, and her latest novel, "One of the Crowd," will please a wide circle of admirers. Sophie Beamish, the heroine, begins life in very sordid conditions and meets with many vicissitudes and many interesting people on her way to success and happy matrimony. Her poor young life is spiritualised by her adoration of a handsome actor father, whom she barely knows. He meets with death in a railway accident in America and his second wife claims Sophie

from the aunt with whom she has been so unhappily placed. Celia Wargrave, the stepmother, is a charming actress of great promise, whose powers are being crippled by some mysterious influence which repels Sophie. Her impulse in taking the child has been prompted by a queer sort of jealousy of Sophie's dead mother, the only woman Rupert Beamish ever loved—and that because she was the only woman he knew who did not care for him. The reader is soon aware that Rupert Beamish's halo exists chiefly in Sophie's imagination, and that the strange, and somewhat repellant, attraction of Celia Wargrave is that of the "drug person." Her interest in the child soon dies and Sophie is left at a school in France, there to remain till she comes to England to qualify for a theatrical career. In the meantime Celia Wargrave drifts into poverty and obscurity under the influence of a horrible woman, the "friend" who is responsible for her vice. So that Sophie is left to make good in a profession that is uncongenial, with fifty pounds and her father's name as assets. She finds herself in a circle of theatrical Bohemians of a doubtful class, but never allows herself to become one of them. Nevertheless, she makes several good friends, in particular one—a devil-may-care dancer with an astounding vocabulary who is a soft-hearted, and soft-headed, attaché of aristocratic family. Sophie meets again a boy hero of her unhappy childhood—Hugh Straffort, now an engineer of note and rather a prig. For a time one scents a romantic ending. But this is a false trail, and we shall say no more of the plot than that Sophie makes her way slowly through unhappiness to success. There are many charming people in the story, particularly dear, delightful Mrs. Straffort, who considers that "economy is a luxury only for the rich"—she herself is poor, but most lavish in generosity. There is Lord Yelverton, the sturdily loyal friend of Celia Wargrave; Helena Foxe, the tender-hearted friend of Sophie's childhood; Mamie Crudell and her mother; various theatrical people "taken from the life," and several others who disappear, however, before one has had time to enjoy their acquaintance—one *would* like them to evolve a little more. But Madame Albanesi gives good value in pleasant reading, invests her people with living qualities, and tells their story with sympathy and knowledge of life.

YOUNG EVE AND OLD ADAM. By Tom Gallon. 6s. (Long.)

Molly Raggett is thrown on the world, penniless and quite incapable of looking after herself, on the death of an old aunt. However, she is fortunate enough to fall into the hands of a man who is both chivalrous and rich, and with him she stays in unconventional fashion until she receives news of her Irish father, and goes to him. Barry Raggett is nothing more or less than an adventurer, and he soon initiates his daughter into the duties of a decoy, which—being a very innocent girl, and having an unbounded belief in her handsome father—she takes to heartily. The end of the story is as tragic as it is inevitable. "Young Eve and Old Adam" is an excellent story, strongly and dramatically told, and we can warmly recommend it.

BLACK SILENCE. By Marie Connor Leighton. With Frontispiece in Colour. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Lord Vanderon is a big financial magnate and head of the bank in which Wilfrid Hayter works. He has appropriated a million pounds belonging to a client for his own purposes, and he calls upon Hayter to take the blame for a few months, pointing out that, as Hayter is a less important personage than he financially, there will not be so great a scandal as if he were to acknowledge the theft. He promises to help Hayter to leave the country, to finance him, to help his family during the absence of its head, and finally to re-instate him and to clear his name at the end of three months. Hayter consents, and there follows a web of intrigue of the most complicated variety, and in working it out the manner in which Mrs. Leighton keeps her head is quite as amazing as her invention. We have probably said enough to show that "Black Silence" is a story in the writer's best vein, remarkably well told, dramatic, and intriguing.

DIANA OF DARTMOOR. By Gertrude Warden. 6s. (Digby, Long & Co.)

The Hatherleighs were always a worthless race, and therefore it was not surprising when Captain Torrens of that ilk killed his elderly cousin, Sir John, for a reason no more serious than that the latter had called him a rogue and had refused to allow Torrens to meet his pretty daughter Reine. Everything might have gone well with the Captain—now a baronet—had there not been an unseen witness of his deed. Still, he succeeds in marrying Reine, in spite of the disapproval of the strange Lady Elizabeth, the aunt to whom Reine goes after her father's death, who has the best reasons for opposing the match. This is the beginning of a very fine, sensational story which, both in the telling and the writing, shows Miss Warden at her best.

The Bookman's Table.

THE PASSING OF EMPIRE. By H. Fielding Hall. 10s. 6d. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Within the limits of a necessarily brief notice it is impossible to do justice to this very modest, very sane, very wise and thought-stimulating book. Its author writes from the experience of a full life's work in administration, and he has had every opportunity of studying the changes in the problem set before the Government of India in recent years. That this problem has taken on a very different aspect in the fifty years since Queen Victoria assumed the direct sovereignty of India is known to everyone as a matter of insistent fact; how grave it is, and how essential to England and the British Empire that it should be solved in a way satisfactory for the Indian peoples is realized only by those who must deal with the problem at close quarters. Mr. Fielding Hall points out that the original domination of the East India Company was accepted, actively or passively, by the people "because they wanted peace and order, which are the first wants of all humanity." Now one thing must not be forgotten, that the Government of India has no existence apart from England. It is only "Indian" inasmuch as it governs India, not that it proceeds from India or is composed of Indians. "The truth by which it lives is that it is purely English." Now, according to Mr. Fielding Hall, there are only two systems of government that have achieved even partial success, self-government in such an organism as will allow the people not only to enforce their will, but to formulate it rightly, and the second is government by personality. What makes either system successful is "an emotion, a relationship." With a self-governing people this is found in "the sense of oneness between government and governed." Under an alien rule this sentiment is impossible, and what fills its place is "personal feeling between the governed and the individual officers of government." How strong that feeling was is known to everyone from the story of our early days in India, from the sepoys who at Arcot told Clive to give the rice to the Englishmen, they themselves could live and fight on the water it had been boiled in, down to the times of the Mutiny and after. Now Mr. Fielding Hall declares that this power of personality is being lost under the system of to-day. He shows how this is gradually and inexorably coming to pass, and gives precise illustrations of his meaning. After showing in what way the Government now fails, he proceeds to suggest a remedy, a remedy that "I have thought over and worked at for years, and I believe it is the only remedy possible." It is not for a reviewer to judge such a remedy, he can only say that it is plainly propounded, clearly and well illustrated, and that the book gives a valuable and convincing summing up of the problem. It cannot be too highly commended.

COLERIDGE AND WORDSWORTH IN THE WEST COUNTRY: THEIR FRIENDSHIPS, WORKS AND SURROUNDINGS. By Professor Knight. Illustrated by E. H. New. 7s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

This volume shows once more Professor Knight's unwearying Wordsworth enthusiasm. Wordsworth's name will always be associated with Coleridge, although their work and characters were extremely dissimilar, because they were so closely linked in friendship, and from spiritual sympathy and understanding each was able to see and value the greatness in the other. Many of us feel that the twentieth century stands in the presence of a poetical renaissance, but those who are most alive to the significant work of their own time will, because of that, best appreciate the real and permanent achievements of the past. Most lovers of poetry see that in a certain line of essential poetry —that which deeply moulds human character—Wordsworth has never been surpassed; Coleridge's work is not so profound, but at his best he is a supreme master in the mysterious glamour of absolute beauty, and because of that his appeal will probably always be more general. Many, therefore, should welcome this small volume of gossip, with its pleasant glimpses of Coleridge and Wordsworth as they lived, telling of their companionship, and showing that, even in those days, there were intelligent appreciators of poetry who did not wait to offer practical friendship until death or a general public acknowledgment took away the chief need of actual sympathy. We catch glimpses of Wordsworth in his lighter moods, e.g. in a letter to William Matthews: "Not entirely to forget the world, I season my recollection of some of its objects with a little ill-nature. I attempt to write satires; and in all satires, whatever the authors may say, there will be found a spice of malignity." That a certain amount of log-rolling and extravagant estimation was characteristic of even the greater poets, can be seen in Coleridge's remark on Wordsworth's drama: "There are in it those profound truths of the human heart, which I find three or four times in the 'Robbers' of Schiller, and often in Shakespeare, but in Wordsworth there are no inequalities." It is startling to learn that, as the result of the report of a detective, Wordsworth was unable to renew the lease of his house on account of his alleged seditions and dangerous opinions, and had to leave the West Country. As Professor Knight acknowledges in his preface, there is very little that is new in this volume. It is an endeavour to focus the existing material with reference to the years spent by Coleridge and Wordsworth in the south-west corner of England, and also to the generous aid given to them by one or two sympathetic friends. There is no attempt at actual literary criticism, but it is written with genuine enthusiasm, and gives us living pictures of personalities. The careful illustrations by Mr. E. H. New serve not only as an adornment, but as an interpretation of the book.

SPLENDID FAILURES. By Harry Graham. 10s. 6d. net. (Edward Arnold.)

A master of light verse, Mr. Harry Graham writes prose of a brilliant, lively and winning quality; at a leap he has become one of the best of our biographical essayists. He is as learned and as scholarly as the dry-as-dusts who bury themselves and their readers in research work, but his learning forms only the sunken foundations of his fabrics of biography. A sense of life, an insight into character, the gift for a telling phrase, and that great antiseptic in literature—humour, are the vital things about his work. In the present volume, he ranges over the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and picks out eight men of fascinating talents and splendid promise who failed to achieve greatness. Their very failure makes them exceedingly interesting; it throws an air of romance over their lives. Moreover, as Disraeli said, a great career, although baulked of its end, is still a landmark of human energy. Mr. Harry Graham's landmarks are Wolfe Tone, the first of the Fenians, Toussaint L'Ouverture, the negro slave who became the dictator of San Domingo and died in a dungeon, Haydon the painter and friend of Keats, Charles Townshend, the weathercock politician, Master Betty, the famous boy actor, Hartley Coleridge, Lord Strangford—the hero of one of Disraeli's political novels—and the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico. They are as diverse a group of figures as have been put together in any book, and Mr. Graham delights in their variety and describes them with great zest. Some of them had defects as notable as their gifts. Mr. Graham does not make the mistake of using whitewash. The shadows please him as much as the high lights, for it is the genuine human interest of his splendid failures that has attracted him. He really seems to like them because they have failed; they were great without being useful; and they certainly have more in common with ordinary earthly mortals than have many of the lords of life who are set before us as patterns. It is an original and brilliant book.

A SEA ANTHOLOGY. Edited and Illustrated by Alfred Rawlings. 3s. 6d. net in cloth; 6s. net in leather. (Gay & Hancock.)

This little volume is, as the title indicates, a selection of some of the best passages in prose and verse written about the sea, in all its many moods. The writings chosen range from those of Aristophanes and Sophocles to those of Mr. Stopford Brooke. Needless to say, many well-worn favourites are revived; but the compiler has broken a good deal of fresh ground. Swinburne, for instance, is represented not by the inevitable "North Sea," but by a few lesser known pieces; and the whole collection strikes the reader as being the fruit of careful and discerning labour. But what lends the book a very particular distinction above all others of its class is the delightful manner in which it is produced. Printed in splendid type on good white paper that is thin without being flimsy, bound artistically in a pleasant square shape and embellished with twelve remarkably delicate paintings from the compiler's brush, the volume is as great a joy to the eye and the hand as it is an invigorating tonic to the imagination.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

During the present holiday season an opportune appearance is made by a handy little volume of **German Conversation for English Travellers** (6d. net and 1s. net), compiled by F. F. Bovet and Esther L. Hawkins. This book, which is the latest issue of Messrs. Cassell's Pocket Reference Library, is a companion to Mr. Bovet's equally admirable "French Conversation," published last year. One has no hesitation in saying that travellers whose German is not too fluent will find it indispensable. Among many excellent points perhaps the most noteworthy is the simplicity of the alphabetical arrangement, by means of which almost any phrase required can be turned up in a few seconds.

THE WESTMINSTER CO., TORONTO.

During the last Census period Canada added 1,833,523 souls to her population, and yet her rural growth was only 574,878, as compared with an urban expansion of 1,258,645 people. Such are the figures which, in effect, form the starting point of **Rural Life in Canada**, a little book in which Mr. MacDougall deplores the rural depletion of the Dominion, and, after tracing carefully the economic causes of this depletion and the social causes of unrest, goes on to consider what the functions of the Church should be at this critical period in the history of the young nation. He makes many recommendations as to the agencies of which the Church should avail herself in the work which lies before her, and, though the lay reader cannot hope to grasp the full significance of the more technical (so to speak) of these suggestions, Mr. MacDougall puts forward so many practical ideas, the utility of which is at once apparent, that one is predisposed to assume that the bulk of his recommendations are equally useful. The picture which he draws of rural life in Canada is one of which we hear too little in this country, and if his book contained nothing else, it would be a valuable set off to the mass of high-falutin' indiscriminate writing which is annually produced in praise of the Great Dominion.